



*Spring Issue
1965*

register



Mr. Latin School

*The kindly eyes of the departed master
Are reflected in the eyes of former students
Who, molded in a tradition
As old as the school,*

Remember the mentor, remember the man.

*A legend now twines itself about him like ivy,
Climbing . . . touching God's fingertips.*

*The selfless heart of the departed master
Throbs in the hearts of former students
Who, accepting a devotion
As old as the school,*

Remember the mentor, remember the man.

The Colonel

*Death? But can't you see
The word has no meaning
And is not to be regretted or mourned?
Graves must not be filled with tears
But with quiet acceptance . . .
quiet rejection.
For the dead never die; tombstones lie.*

— Paul Rajcok '65

*He is a part of us
And surely he lives.*

*Death? Skeptic? But can't you hear
The roll of the drums,
The street-beat marking time?
His commands ring out above the
Sharp cadence as they always did . . .
always will.
For he can't die; the Fates lie.*

*He is a precious memory
And surely he will live.*



BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL

REGISTER

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VOLUME LXXXV

Number II

April 1965

Published 3 times a year by the students
of the Boston Latin School
Avenue Louis Pasteur, Boston, Mass.

TERMS: One dollar and seventy-five cents per year; by mail two dollars. Contributions are solicited from undergraduates and must be plainly and neatly written on one side of the paper only. Submissions will be accepted wholly with regard to the needs of the magazine and the merits of the manuscript.



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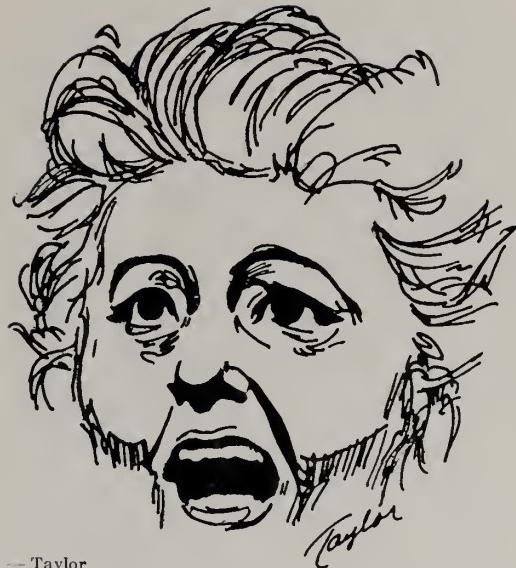
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THE TAMING OF A SHREW

Leonard Eskowitz '67



— Taylor

IF YOU SELL him a penny's worth, I'll have your hide!" Mrs. Bauman, on the verge of tearing Mike, the restaurant owner, to pieces, instead vented her anger on the counter. She slammed her fist down; a cup jumped half an inch.

"If you sell him so much as a grease spot from that so-called fried chicken of yours, I'll wreck this place. You hear me?"

Mike didn't answer. How are you going to do that he thought? He glanced at her and decided it was quite possible.

Even standing silent, gathering strength for her ensuing tirade, Mrs. Bauman was a frightening figure. Six feet two inches tall, she looked like a bull-ox and probably had the strength of one. The notorious dame even frightened away prospective customers who upon seeing her, walked by the restaurant without so much as touching the door-knob.

Yes, it was entirely possible, Mike thought, still contemplating Mrs. Bauman. Mike noticed the people scurrying by and shuddered at the thought of how big a dent she could make in his profits if she decided to camp out on his counter for a week.

"And if you do sell him anything, I'll find out. Get me right this time, I mean business. No coffee! No cake! No donuts! No nothing!"

Finished for the moment with her verbal barrage, she continued her physical assault on the counter. Her sturdy right fist seemed to suffer no harm; the counter, on the other hand, shook; a cup jumped three quarters of an inch off the counter, fell, and shattered.

"You hear me, he's on a diet; you remember that, fathead! You're not going to sell him anything, are you?"

"Okay! Okay!" Mike readily surrendered all the rights of free enterprise. What else could he do?

"Just remember that!" She turned to walk out. The floor creaked; the glasses rattled. She shut the door with a bang; all present breathed a sigh of relief.

"You'd think she owned this place, not me!" Mike, raving mad, roared at the waiter. "She's on a diet and can't stand to see Bauman eat, so she bothers me!"

"Well here he comes," the waiter interrupted.

In walked Mr. Bauman. Bauman, five feet five, was well dressed; he had on a bright plaid sports jacket — Mrs. Bauman must have bought that — neatly pressed green pants, solid blue tie, and an obviously well-starched white shirt.

Yes, he was well dressed, Mike noted, except the loud purple and green sports jacket — less becoming on timid, shy Bauman than on anyone else — was

much too big for him, the pants were too short and his shirt pocket was stuffed with notebooks. To top it all off, a close-cropped crewcut adorned his grey head.

"Hi Mike."

"Hi Bauman; heard you're on a diet," Mike said, not giving Bauman a chance to sit down. If he ever starts talking, he'll never shut up. And once he does start he'll order something to eat, and that Mike wanted to avoid. But any mention of the diet will shut him up, Mike thought; the last thing he'll talk about is diets. Bauman opened his mouth. Mike stared him into silence. For a little jerk, you cause me a lot of trouble. Just keep your big mouth shut, Mike thought. Mike easily dominated this part of the Bauman clan.

Bauman slumped into a chair. He pushed his hat back and strewed the contents of his briefcase over the table. His potbelly he shoved under the table.

"Work to do!" he said. He indicated the pile of junk on the table, then hid his face behind a folder.

Bauman twitched, twisted, turned, and straightened. He loosened his tie, adjusted his collar, scratched his head and squirmed in his seat trying to find the most comfortable spot. He did all this while trying to hold a folder before his face; in short, he accomplished everything but his work. But, Mike supposed, to work was never his intention.

"He's waiting for someone to talk to — about something other than diets," Mike whispered to the waiter.

Every ten seconds Bauman peeped over the pile of papers. Every time he looked up, there was Mike, staring into his eyes. Bauman, with a look of nervous irritation, would then pretend to work even harder.

During the period that followed, Mike tried to draw Bauman's conversation onto the subject of diets. Bauman wanted to talk to someone, but was preoccupied with avoiding the subject of diets.

"I'll torment and tease him until he leaves. Watch this," Mike whispered. "Hey, Bauman, see yesterday's game?"

There came a look of relief, nay, of pure joy, over Bauman's face.

"Yah!"

Down and away went the papers.

"Aren't they the worst fielding team you ever saw?"

Mike had drawn Bauman into the open, now for the subject of diets . . .

"You should have seen the first baseman; dropped three and let one roll between his legs!" added Bauman, who, as Mike noted had forgotten everything except baseball.

"No, no, not him, the left fielder; did you ever see anyone so fat?"

That did it! Fat! Diets! Taboo! A look of pain spread over Bauman's face, a look of pained irritation immediately blocked out by a folder. Bauman mentally kicked himself for falling for the trick.

"Don't bother me I'm busy. I've got a lot of work to do," Bauman muttered angrily from behind his papers.

The waiter had to laugh; Mike smiled.

The battle was a stalemate until . . .

"Oh, oh! Here comes Blackie Grossman!"

Blackie definitely belonged in the select group gathered in the cafe; he was a stout six feet tall, but he was, so he claimed, not fat. Bald spot in the middle of his head, southern drawl, red cheeks, look of mischief in his eyes, Grossman was sure to liven the conversation if Bauman didn't monopolize it.

"Who's here? Bauman and his brief case! What's new, Bauman?"

That did it, he'll never stop talking now; disgusted, Mike turned his back on the whole scene.

"What isn't new!" Bauman was running true to form. "Someone's swiped some stuff from the office and the boss suspects everybody!"

"Hey Mike," Bauman called over his shoulder. "Cup of coffee and a piece of pie."

And that was what Bauman was working up to all the time. Now began the battle of the bulge.

"No dice, Bauman."

"What goes, don't you like money anymore?"

"You're on a diet."

"What's that with you?"

"Your wife told me not to sell you anything!"

"So what are you, my wife's bell-hop or something? She rings and you come running?"

"I'm not her bell-hop and I'm not going to be her punching bag either. If you have any complaints, take them up with

your wife."

"Look, give me the pie. She'll never find out, and it'll save you a lot of aggravation."

"Look Bauman, I'd give you the pie, but I'm sick and tired of arguing with your wife! Why don't you tell her off, make her do what you want?"

"Me!" **He's crazy** Bauman thought! He shuddered at the thought of trying to order Molly Bauman to do something.

"Well if you don't like to argue give me the pie. You aren't going to let her boss you, are you? **Well, Mike?**"

"Take the damn pie, eat it and leave!"

Suddenly Bauman was staring at a piece of pie and a cup of coffee. A miracle! He'd actually gotten it!

Bauman picked up a fork. It was all too quiet; everyone was staring at him. Somehow this didn't work out right, he thought; I meant to come in to order pie and coffee and also to talk. It was too quiet, but Bauman dared not break the silence. After all, he had gotten the pie. Reluctantly he ate.

Bauman sipped the coffee. He munched on a piece of pie. He spoke only to ask for cream for his coffee. And all the time, Mike thought, he looked as contented as an overweight angel.

Ah, Mike thought, as he saw the pie and coffee disappear, he'll be out of here in no time. This silence is bliss . . .

"What do you think you're doing, hey?"

A fork heaped with custard pie slipped out of Bauman's lax fingers.

The waiter dropped a cup.

Mike did an about face.

Mrs. Bauman in the door!

"What did I tell you about eating?" she roared at Bauman. Turning to Mike, "I'm not forgetting about you either!" And back to Bauman reaching for a donut, "Don't you dare! If you touch that I'll break every bone in your body! You little slob!"

"Be quiet; not so loud. This isn't home," Bauman warned. He remembered when she threw a bucket of water at him when he had sneaked a bite of custard pie. Funny? He didn't think so, now or then . . . She'd often embarrassed him before his friends. Some incidents

he'd quickly forgotten but the few especially vivid ones, such as her chasing him up and down the aisles of a supermarket, were enough to make him quite disgusted with her. No, he'd had enough of her. This time he wasn't going to be pushed around. If anyone was going to use coercion, it would be Mr. Bauman himself; he stood up.

"Sit down, fatty." Mrs. Bauman roared.

Bauman stuck out his hand to ward off his furious wife, and his elbow caught her on the chin. Abruptly she sat down on the floor.

Bauman stared at his hand. That was easy he thought!

Mrs. Bauman stood up.

"You sit down!" This time he purposely shoved her down into one of the wicker chairs before she knew what was happening.

For once Molly Bauman was speechless. She tried to get up, but found herself stuck in the armchair. She twisted and squirmed and finally stood up, chair and all.

"**Sit down**, you've said enough." Bauman pushed her down again. "Shut up! Mike, give me another order of the same." He indicated the pie and coffee. Bauman took the pie and placed it beneath his wife's nose. Mrs. Bauman, making no move to take the pie, opened her mouth to say something. Bauman shoved the pie in the general vicinity of her mouth. The pie got the best of Mrs. Bauman. She'd eat first and finish with him later . . . Mrs. Bauman was quite stunned by her husband's outburst.

They finished eating.

"Get up!"

She got up, chair and all. The waiter helped her squeeze out of it.

Then Bauman led his wife out the door while Mike and the others watched incredulously.

Minutes ticked by. Any second now Molly Bauman would rampage back in, husband in tow. The waiter and Mike waited for the storm. Five minutes went by, ten. Still no Baumans.

What could have happened to them? Nothing happened. The Baumans were an overweight, but happy, family from then on.

The Reply of the Dervish

*Two travelers sit in scholarly discussion,
Sharing the hospitality of an eminent dervish,
Reputed to be the wisest man in all the land.*

*"Most amiable host," the first says with a flourish of the hand,
"Why is there such a thing as man,
As pain and violence, lechery and greed,
What the purpose, why the need?"*

*The second, a man of no answers,
"Is there a God, and if there is,
Is man but the inhabitant of a benignly indifferent universe?"*

*The dervish, a man talking through his beard, replied
With words which poured forth
Like the smoke from his pipe and bowl.*

*To the first he answered
"What matter evil or good
To the old woman who sits and waits,
Talking to strangers as they come and go
In her mountain village, admitting only
To her lonely heart that she will never leave?
Or to the sparrow,
Snatched from the air by the hungry falcon,
That there was purpose in its death?"*

*To the second, while blowing rings of pungent smoke,
"Does my Lord, the Fakir of Iranistan,
Having sent a vessel to some distant port,
Sit and worry day and night
If the crew are feeling right,
Or of the comfort of the mice in the hold?*

*"Alas, alas, I am not sure,
But I can tell you one thing more.
It would be complete relief and joy
If such malingering doubts were purged
From the darkest corners of the intellect;
How proud would man be, to have
Shaped his own destiny without external aid.*

*"Enough of talk, I beg you, feel free
To share a pipe and bowl with me."*

— G. T. Tedeschi '66

OLD RYAN'S SIN

Martins Duhms '65

SURE, OLD RYAN went to the races. He went every Friday night and sometimes Saturday. Once — the summer of '56 — he made so much money that he went the whole next week. Some horse called Tootsie-Baby came in with sixty to one odds and his twenty riding on her. Something to think about, eh?

Old Ryan just loved horses. He liked to watch them run, to hear them snort, even to smell them. But, when he had money in a race, even the jockeys could hear him hollering for blood. Now, you probably think he was sadistic, but you're wrong. Money just was mighty important to him. Since Magie had departed, he had to take out a certain portion from his own money to live on, and that didn't leave much to play. Magie had been a good wife for all her nagging. Sometimes Ryan would get into these moods and begin to ponder whether they would meet in heaven. He thought they would. Magie had had no sins that he could think of and most likely would be waiting for him.

Well, Ryan had a system he sometimes used, and when that didn't work he played on hunches. He had his own space at the railing where he would lean over and inspect the nags. He was a good judge and he knew what to look for. If the ears were held back — that was good. If the gait was accented — that was usually good too. When the driver kept the horse apart from the rest, something fishy was up.

He could pick them pretty well and doubtlessly would have made big money if only the jockeys hadn't fixed the races so often. Ryan never had a doubt about the fixing. He had seen with his own eyes how the jockey made the leader go off-stride or slowed him purposely on the



— Cumming

stretch. When that happened Ryan let the world know that it had been duped. Once a jockey gave him the finger, and Ryan was almost over the railing before I grabbed him. He hated cheats.

Now, you might get the wrong impression. Believe me, Ryan was really a heck of a nice guy. He never drank too much and didn't smoke. Above all he never went looking for trouble. If somebody picked a fight with him, that was different, but he never started anything.

As I was saying, Ryan liked horses and, as far as I know, had always played them. Magie had thought that gambling was a sin no matter if you played cards or horses or dogs, but Ryan didn't go for that women religion. He had figured it all out for himself. Other men were drunks, thieves, unfaithful husbands. Heck! All he did was get some fresh air at the track on Fridays. Did a fellow a world of good, really. And I guess he never lost much

either. Never borrowed or went to the Salvation Army. When someone asked him how he had done, he'd growl, "Broke even!", and from his tone you'd have to get your answer.

Ryan had just one problem. Old age was creeping up on him. No longer could he wait till the last odds to rush to the windows. Nor could he always plow his way through the crowd to his favorite place at the rail. But like the good sport he was, he never complained.

Then one day he went off his nut. I swear it! Right out of the clear blue sky he went crazy. We were at Foxboro, and it was the fifth or sixth race coming up. And the trotters had paraded by when Ryan got this funny look on his face and started to ogle at the program, getting more and more excited all the time. So I went over and whispered, "Anything up?"

"George, its Tootsie-Baby!"

Now I didn't immediately remember, and when I did I said, "So what. Besides I don't see any Tootsie-Baby in this race."

"Right here, see?" And he shoved the program hurrily under my nose, and I had to hold it because his hand trembled. You know, the old coot was right. In teeny-weeny letters it said that Lark C.

had once raced as Tootsie-Baby, although how he recognized her is beyond me.

"I feel it in my bones she's gonna win, George."

I tried to tell him he was wrong. A twelve year old without a win this season didn't have a chance. But he wasn't even listening. He got out all his money, and I told him he was crazy. He got mad, went and bought a fistful of tickets. Poor fellow, I thought. Poor fellow — hell! The moment the gates folded Lark C. was out front and going away. Ryan hopped up on a folding chair and urged Tootsie-Baby on like his life depended on it, and all the people started looking at him like he was crazy, but he didn't care. When Tootsie-Baby started to falter in the stretch, he doubled his output, and I swear he shouted her across. The moment she was across the finish, she fell down stone dead. Eighty to one odds! Felt it in his bones, that luckey son-of-a-gun! I was just about to congratulate him, when what do I see? Tears running down his cheeks! And — get this now — he took out his tickets and tore them all up. Over a thousand bucks — rip, rip! And gone. I swear! I saw it with my own eyes. And then he turned without a word and walked out and never played the horses again. Never! Now, can you figure that out?

Monhodja

*The source of good, the source of bad,
Why some are sane, why some are mad.
The one who gives us glorious life,
But also with it basest strife.
From one arises our every need
Which is in us to thrive and feed.
The source of brilliant inspiration,
But also of profound frustration.
Why some are black, why some are white,
Why night not day, and day not night,
Why down not up, and up not down,
Why love and hate may both be found.*

*When you have learned, when you have done . . .
The source of all can be but one.*

— G. T. Tedeschi '66

IN DEFENSE OF AN ACCUSED PESSIMIST

Paul Rajcok '65

WILLIAM GOLDING, whose *Lord of the Flies* has recently gained, if not surpassed, the great popularity accorded Salinger's *Catcher in the Rye* during the fifties, is too often dismissed as an unmitigated pessimist in the tradition of John Calvin. Golding's fables undoubtedly speak ominously of the nature of man. They do not, however, represent man, as many would have us think, as wallowing in original sin, utterly depraved, and totally incapable of bettering his condition.

Original sin obviously plays an important part in Golding's philosophy (I use the term loosely), which is admittedly of as vague and hallucinatory a quality as the style of his writing. But is original sin, which Calvin says bound man's free will and resulted in his total depravity, all that Golding is concerned with?

A mistake commonly made when analyzing Golding's philosophy (by which I mean his view of man and of his ultimate condition) is that of taking each book as a separate entity rather than as a working part of a total philosophy progressively mapped out in each successive book. Golding has written five books; each qualifies, clarifies, and complements the others. With these five books he has created a series of myths with remarkable continuity. (Golding himself calls them myths, for he feels that "a myth is something which comes out from the roots of things in the ancient sense of being the key to existence, the whole meaning of life, and experience as a whole.")¹ Too often this continuity is ignored, and Golding's "philosophical pessimism" is substantiated in the light of only a part of his work, notably by *Lord of the Flies*. The shortcomings of such analyses, however, are rather obvious when one realizes that all of Golding's myths center about the same general theme and must therefore be analyzed in view of one another.

Golding has described the theme of *Lord of the Flies* as an attempt to trace

the defects of society back to the defects of human nature."² His later books utilize what is more or less an extension of this theme, which forms the nucleus of his inquisitive philosophy. (Golding displays this inquisitiveness when he says, concerning *Lord of the Flies*, "I set out to discover whether there is that in man which makes him do what he does.")³

Inextricably involved with Golding's theme are the eternal theological problems of original sin and free will, about which he revolves other religious considerations, such as the nature of good and evil, of guilt and responsibility, of life and death, and of faith and hope. Golding's material is essentially religious; his philosophy (as we later see) is essentially optimistic.

I

In *Lord of the Flies* (1954), Golding's first and most successful book, the author lays the groundwork for his future novels by admitting to original sin as a defect of human nature. The story, which is essentially a revitalization of what was a harmless adventure story popular with nineteenth century English school-boys, R. M. Ballantyne's *Coral Island*, depicts in rather harsh, shocking terms the regression to savagery of a plane-load of English boys cast upon a desert island during a hypothetical world war.

The existence of a highly symbolic level of meaning becomes apparent very early in the book. The boys, led by Ralph, their elected leader, who represents parliamentarianism and social order, and by Piggy (science and reason), Ralph's fat, asthmatic aid, go about the task of survival and rescue until Jack (despotism and anarchy) decides to leave the fire on the hill, which was to be kept burning as a signal, and set up a camp of hunters, whose sole purpose would be to provide meat. A ship passes by while the fire is out. From this point on, the conflict between the two camps, Ralph's and Jack's, takes over. The action, becoming increasingly horri-

fic, culminates in the bestial slaughtering of Simon (mystic and Christ figure), the wanton murder of Piggy, and the final hunt for Ralph whose head is to be impaled upon a stick sharpened at both ends.

Golding leaves the reader with very little doubt as to whether original sin is a defect of human nature. On reading the following passage where Simon meets and talks with the head of a slaughtered pig in a weird **participation mystique**, one cannot help but feel that there is that mysterious "that" in man:

"Fancy thinking the Beast was something you could hunt and kill!" said the head. For a moment the forest and all the other dimly appreciated places echoed with the parody of laughter. "You knew, didn't you? I'm part of you? Close, close, close! I'm the reason why it's no go? Why things are what they are?"⁴

Present throughout the book is a steadily mounting fear of "the beast" which the "littlums" constantly dream of and watch for. It is ironic that the real beast is in themselves, is a part of them.

Here Golding apparently admits to original sin, but does he want us to believe that man is depraved and incapable of bettering his condition as a philosophical pessimist in the tradition of John Calvin would have us? Those who would have us think so are confusing the portrayal with the purpose: Golding here portrays man as having an indigenous capacity for evil, but he does this not to condemn man as utterly depraved and unable to better his condition, but rather to convince us of the bare facts made clear by the wickedness of a Nazi Germany — that man can be and often is extremely wicked. He goes on to show us that man must recognize this innate wickedness (conviction of sin in religious terms) if he is to overcome it.

Golding's portrayal of man in **Lord of the Flies** may be pessimistic, but the purpose and philosophy behind this portrayal speak of a hope for mankind which is quite otherwise. This hope, as well as certain overtones of an optimistic philosophy, quite contrary to Calvinism's disconsolating dogma, becomes increasingly apparent in Golding's later writings.

II

His second novel **The Inheritors** (1955),

in which he employs a group similar to that in **Lord of the Flies** as the medium for his philosophical expression, is fiction largely borrowed from historical-scientific hypothesis. The action, as well as the setting of the novel, is, in many instances, strikingly similar to that described in Worthington Smith's **Man the Primeval Savage**. The outlook upon the Neanderthals, however, takes an about face. Whereas Smith portrays the Neanderthal as a self-centered savage with certain admitted social ties, Golding presents him in a more gentle light and with even stronger ties. Golding, in effect, has us sympathize with the Neanderthals who are cruelly driven into extinction by their successors, the first modern men (Cromagnons), whom Golding has us look upon as hateful, lustful, and murderous; again the portrayal of man is ominous.

But Golding goes on from here; he tones down the grisly picture of man painted in his first novel by portraying modern man not only as hateful, lustful, and murderous, but as **guilt-torn** and **regretful**.

At the end of the novel, when Golding shifts the point of view from Lok, the last of the dying Neanderthals, to Tuami, one of the "civilized," we see modern man with obvious guilt and regret ("if she had been what she was, if Marlan, if her man, if she had saved her baby in the storm on the salt water —")⁵ trying to rationalize his destroying the Neanderthals. ("What else could we have done . . . If we had not we should have died.")⁶ With this guilt and with this regret man takes the first step toward the conviction of sin wherin lies the hope for mankind.

III

In his next book, **Pincher Martin** (1956), Golding shows us the consequences of a life without regret, a life whose only motivations are a stubborn fear, greed, and lust.

This book is, in many respects, similar to Golding's first novel; what he accomplishes in terms of the group in the first, however, he now accomplishes in terms of a single man, Christopher Martin. Golding focuses in on this man with a frightening scrutiny, producing what is probably the most shocking, as well as the most complex, of his novels.

Christopher Martin, an officer in the British Navy, is hurled into the merciless

Atlantic when the destroyer he is on is hit by a torpedo. Martin, however, has a fierce desire to live and realizes this desire (for the time being anyway) when he is miraculously cast upon a barren rock, where he pits himself against the cruelties of the sea. Martin, parched by the sun, battered by the waves, and poisoned by the limpets and sea anemones which he voraciously devours in his futile attempt at survival, is finally driven insane.

Whether Martin is to survive or not, however, soon becomes a secondary question: the reader begins to wonder what kind of man this is whose fate is soon to be determined.

Golding's answer is, as usual, an ominous one. Martin, it turns out, is a pincher (i. e. one who steals, a **mild accusation in Martin's case**.) Pincher's life which is gradually unfolded before us through his mental wanderings, is perhaps best summed up by the condemnation of a friend whose wife he has corrupted: "This painted bastard here takes anything he can lay his hands on . . ."⁷

Pincher's greed and selfishness, moreover, do not end with his death. Martin's "greed for life," Golding says, "which had been the mainspring of his nature forced him to refuse the selfless act of dying"⁸

In the book's last line we see Martin's body washed up on a deserted shore. Captain Davidson, who comes from the mainland to pick up the body says to a sympathetic Mr. Campbell, "Then don't worry about him. You saw the body. He didn't even have time to kick off his seaboots."⁹ The seaboots, however, the reader will recall, were kicked off in the book's opening chapter, as Pincher struggled to stay afloat in the Atlantic.

The reader then realizes that Martin was dead all along, that the story is not one of the survival of a man before the wrath of nature, but is one of a soul before the wrath of God. The final edict against Pincher is pronounced by God in the following conversation with Pincher:

"Have you had enough, Christopher?"
"Enough of what?"
"Surviving."
"I hadn't considered."
"Consider now."
"I will not consider I have created you and I can create my own heaven."
"You have created it."¹⁰

Pincher is doomed to remain on the rock, his private hell which he himself in his selfishness created; he is doomed to being a pair of claws grasping for anything in sight, grasping for eternity.

The portrayal of man in **Pincher Martin** is as foreboding, if not more so, as that in **Lord of the Flies**. Golding, however, is not pronouncing a judgment upon man; he is rather delivering a sermon to us, showing us in frighteningly graphic terms the consequences of a life like Pincher's, a life which man must avoid.

IV

"Free will cannot be debated but only experienced, like a colour or the taste of potatoes."¹¹ With these words Golding, in **Free Fall** (1959), recognizes free will, a concept totally discredited by Calvinism's pessimistic theories of man's depravity and predestination and presents to mankind a hope irreconcilable with philosophical pessimism.

In **Free Fall**, we see a young, successful artist, Sammy Mountjoy (he has mounted joy and success without any qualms whatsoever), who is a captive in a German prisoner-of-war camp, review his life for the point at which he lost his freedom and innocence through his progressive free choice. Sammy is confined in a small, dark room where he is tormented by memories from a long-suppressed past and by his frightened imagination. Here he inflicts an excruciating self-interrogation upon himself and finally realizes that through his free will, that by his progressive free choice, he has destroyed a woman who loved him. Sammy recognizes his sin, recognizes the deep-seated evil within himself and through this recognition regains his freedom.

In **Free Fall** Golding introduces an extremely important concept, that of free will. The abuse of this free will, Golding seems to say, when coupled with an inherent capacity for evil, is the cause of mankind's troubles.

Golding's recognition of free will is, in itself, an optimistic note, for such a recognition presupposes a choice on man's part, a choice for either good or evil. Man is not depraved, Golding seems to say, but is inadequate, inadequate in that he often chooses the wrong; but he **can** choose the right.

The Spire. Golding's latest novel, which is undoubtedly a fictionalized account of the building of the Salisbury Cathedral's spire during the 14th century in medieval England, strengthens the concept of free will established in **Free Fall**.

Soon after Jocelin (from the Celtic Josse meaning "champion") first came to the Cathedral Church of the Virgin Mary, he had a vision, a phantasmagoric vision of a spire 400 feet high, surrounded by twelve smaller spires which clustered about it in a grove, giving the tower the appearance of a crystalline mass of quartz. The spire, as envisioned by Jocelin, was to be man's ultimate prayer to God, a prayer in white stone crowned with a cross taller than a man.

But "there are no foundations and Jocelin's folly will fall before they fix the cross on top."¹² So believe the rest of the clergy, the church's congregation, and even the very workmen who are finally to accomplish the feat after half a lifetime of waiting on Jocelin's part. Even Roger Mason, the master builder, has his fears about erecting such a giant for the Cathedral.

But Jocelin, obsessed with his vision to such an extent that he would even blackmail Mason to keep him and his men working, finally imparts to Mason a superficial faith which, when occasionally recharged like a draining battery, carries the master builder through the physical ordeal of the spire's erection. And so the workers slowly begin to create the spire on foundations which only a vision could plausibly rest: the church's original builders carelessly built the Cathedral on a swamp, and, instead of supporting the roof with four solid pillars, they filled them with rubble.

With each white stone added to the spire a black stone is added to Jocelin until the ultimate prayer to God, tottering on its four slowly bending pillars looks down upon a helplessly corrupted priest. At the spire's completion Jocelin's mind is so tormented by the guilt of his fanaticism and its effect upon those people

connected with the spire that his thoughts take on a hallucinatory quality which when coupled with his mounting insanity literally bewilders the reader.

The insolence of his subordinates; the desecration of the Cathedral; the death of a workman; the alcoholism of Roger Mason; the adultery and final death of Goody Pangall; the anguish and final disappearance of her lame husband; the soul-breaking revelations of his Aunt Allison; and his own sexual torments; all these things lead up to Jocelin's final condemnation by all who know him, by the Church, and by himself.

But Golding has us sympathize with Jocelin whom we come to view as we would a hero in a Shakespearean tragedy: we see something grand in this man, something noble, something that we must admire.

Jocelin crowns Golding's myths with a spire, a dream realized by a will so free, so obsessive, that it can breed destruction, lust, and death. **The Spire** is a mighty testimony to man's free will, a will which can destroy, a will which can achieve, a will which provides a hope for mankind.

Golding's philosophy admittedly discredits the utopianism of the humanist belief in the perfectibility of man; it also discredits, however, the pessimism of the Calvinistic belief in the inordinate depravity and helplessness of man.

There is both good and evil in Golding's universe and both will remain. Evil is inherent in human beings, he seems to say, but this evil can be overcome by recognizing it and then by utilizing free will against it. Golding, in effect, presents us with a hope irreconcilable with philosophical pessimism. This hope is perhaps best summarized by Mary Renault in a comment on **Free Fall**: "The hope Golding offers is an austere one, proper to our time, but he has looked closely at the darkness of the human heart and there is authority in his consolation."¹³ Golding assuredly admits to a "darkness in the human heart," but, nevertheless, he offers us an unequivocal hope, something which a philosophical pessimist would surely deny.

Notes

1. Walter Allen, *The Modern Novel in Britain and the United States*, E. P. Dutton and Co., 1964, p. 288.
2. E. L. Epstein, "Notes on *Lord of the Flies*," *Lord of the Flies*, Capricorn Books, 1959, p. 189.
3. Douglas M. Davis, "A Conversation with Golding," *The New Republic*, vol. 148 (May 4, 1963), p. 28.
4. William Golding, *Lord of the Flies*, Capricorn Books, 1959, p. 133.
5. William Golding, *The Inheritors*, Pocket Books, Inc., 1963, p. 208.
6. *Ibid.*, p. 207.
7. William Golding, *Pincher Martin*, Capricorn Books, 1956, p. 120.
8. Allen, p. 291.
9. *Pincher Martin*, p. 208.
10. *Ibid.*, p. 196.
11. William Golding, *Free Fall*, Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc., 1962, p. 5.
12. William Golding, *The Spire*, Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc., 1964, p. 15.
13. Mary Renault, "To See What Men Might Be," *Saturday Review*, vol. 43 (March 19, 1960), p. 21.

UNCLE KARL'S VACATION

Martins Duhms '65

WE ARE A tightly knit family. Whenever one of us has some sort of a headache, everyone else commiserates. So it was with Uncle Karl.

The moment he walked in the door we sensed something was wrong. That cheerful smile, that hearty handshake, that flippancy greeting were all a bit overdone. He sat down in the big green armchair, and the family gathered around. The conversation just couldn't get started and kept running amuck on trivialities, and all the time we were getting more worried that something extremely serious had occurred. Finally Karl, as the cliche goes, took the bull by the horns and blandly announced that he was in a mess.

"Karl, you rascal! You're finally getting married!" cried Mom with that particularly evil feminine joy.

Alas, that was not to be. Something more serious had happened. Karl had been laid off. There followed the appropriate stunned silence. Finally Grandpa got up to fetch the big square bottle of Jack Daniel's he kept for just such occasions. When Karl left much later that day, he wasn't exactly happy, but at least he was reconciled to his lot. After all, it

happened to most everybody sooner or later.

We next heard from Karl several weeks later. He called up in the middle of the night and was very loud and happy and incoherent. The gist of the good news was that he had hit the twin double at Rockingham and was going to Florida and the heck with the unemployment checks and everything else! Well, that's what he did. We soon received a postcard with a hurried, almost undecipherable message. He was having a great time. Miami was really terrific. Everything was just fine, and he wished we could be there too. We felt very glad for him because the weather up here happened to be particularly wretched. Mom had just gotten over a bad cold, and I thought I was just coming down with one, and generally everyone felt miserable.

Then one day Karl dropped in again. Something was awry.

"Wait, don't tell me! Let me guess! You're getting married, Karl!" cried Mom. No, no. This time it was something much much worse. Karl's old employer had hired him back. There was confused silence; only Grandpa went to fetch the Jack Daniel's.



— Taylor

ERSATZ

Kenneth Bechis '66

JAMES MICHAEL REED arrives home tired and disgruntled.

That idiot of an office manager is asking for it, always criticizing me.

The frankfurters sizzle as he opens a can of beans.

And he's trying to get in good with Lois. When's she ever gonna notice me, anyhow? My desk is right across from hers. And it's been almost a month now since she came. Maybe tomorrow . . .

Click.

The paper plates lie crumpled in the wastebasket, the pans unwashed in the sink. Settling into his easy chair, Reed watches the small dot in the center of the television screen widen into a line, then expand into a picture, the picture of

a not-too-well-known actor. His evening begins.

* * *

The flickering light vanishes from the screen, leaving an empty blackness. The harsh clatter of the criminal's gun, the super-clever detective, the almost unbelievably amusing antics of innumerable TV families—all these are gone. They are now only minute traces on film or video tape. But in Reed's receptive mind, their images are still fresh and alive; their sounds, clear and meaningful.

He clutches his science fiction magazine as he gets into bed.

Click.

These mental impressions of his, like their electronic counterparts, melt out of existence, becoming simply an agreeable addition to that mass of past ideas, emotions, and sensory stimuli known as his memory. Their temporary positions of supremacy in his mind have been relinquished to new and more moving thoughts.

Reed is on a planet in a distant star system.

"This is 532BQT calling Base Alpha. Come in, Base Alpha. Over."

A sharp crackle of static. Then, faintly: "This is Base Alpha. Go ahead, 532BQT."

"Request coordinates of next attack."

More static. "N5540, W1049. Received?"

"Affirmative." He writes down the numbers.

"Roger. Over and out."

Examining his map, Reed pinpoints the location, and then proceeds toward it.

The mud from the tropical rain forest sticks to his waterproof suit. He stumbles across hidden obstructions.

Several hours later, he stops and checks his compass and map.

This should be about the right place.

He gently presses the trigger. The light beam from his laser gun suddenly reaches out into the misty darkness. Its light, momentarily scattered by the thick fog, softly illuminates a huge cubic structure several hundred meters in front of him. Taking aim, he fires again. The ray strikes the building and vaporizes it, leaving only a small pool of bubbling, yellow liquid.

"This is 532BQT calling Base Alpha. Come in, Base Alpha. Over."

Click.

The moon. Reed is standing high above its dusty surface on a skeleton-like gantry surrounding an earth-bound rocket. Overhead, the stars are sharp, penetrating points of light, overpowering and magnificent. The brilliant blue globe of the earth and the blinding orb of the sun create sharply contrasting shadows on the rough terrain below. He enters the spacecraft. A roar. The ship lifts off. The rapid acceleration pushes him back into his couch, pushes him back into senselessness and sleep.

Sleep . . . peaceful, nourishing respite from life. Reed's conscious world is dead. That other part of his mind continues to function, however. A random brain impulse proceeds aimlessly down pathways of neurons. A sudden outpouring of memories, sensations, thought: a dream.

Click.

"Good morning, Lois."

She looks up and smiles.

"Oh, hi, Jim. I've been waiting for you."

Still smiling, she gets up from her desk, straightens her long, glowing, tan hair, smoothes her attractive pastel dress. She walks alluringly over to him. Her arms reach out . . .

Click.

"Good afternoon, gentlemen."

"So long, Jim."

"Yeah, take it easy."

"Right."

Reed cheerfully closes the mahogany door of the conference room behind the departing executives. Another big sale. A sure promotion. Lighting a long, expensive cigar, he sits before his spacious desk and, leaning back, wheels around slowly in his plush leather chair. He takes in the material objects of his financial prosperity—the fine wood paneling, the deep-textured, purple carpet, the golden-framed art masterpieces, and the elegant translucent curtains covering huge plate glass windows. He smiles contentedly to himself. Won't Lois be happy?

He presses the intercom button.

"Come in here, Lois. I've got a surprise for you."

Click.

"Come out and you won't get hurt. Come on, I know you're here."

Silence.

"Come on."

Still silence.

"All right, this is your last chance. I'm coming in after you."

Reed waits for a moment; then he steps forward softly. The stars are now all but extinguished by the foliage arching overhead, creating a dense curtain of impenetrable blackness. A twig snaps beneath his cautious foot. Then another. He senses that the killer is near. **There — that slight rustle to the left.** He whirls and advances toward the sound. Like a prowling cat about to pounce on its prey, he readies himself for the brief but decisive struggle.

What's that? That faint glint in the darkness, that muffled click.

A flash and a sharp report answer his silent query. The bullet flies past his head as he falls to the moist earth. He fires rapidly into the shadows—a loud gasp, and the dull thump of a body collapsing on soft ground. Warily stepping forward, Reed finds the body slumped partially over a decaying log.

Click.

Light. Noise. Fresh air. He awakens to a new day.

The city is alive with the sights, sounds, and smells of modern life—Reed's life: the street cleaners, the garbage trucks, the piles of half-rotten, half-burned leaves on the corners, the heaps of rubbish in forgotten alleys, the flattened body of a cat on the road; the frowsy newswoman in the subway station, the close, sad, ugly faces filled with chewing gum, tobacco smoke, greasy make-up, bad breath. Tremendous waves of loathing surge up within him. It is with intense relief that he finally climbs the hard, ridged steps to the street.

Dust, old newspapers, and refuse of all kinds whirl around in gusts, striking him from all directions. More is picked up, more is dropped; but the total amount remains the same, and it is this which his eyes perceive and consider.

As he walks along, Reed raises his gaze from the cracks on the sidewalk, and looks around.

Those tramps and derelicts, those shabbily dressed beggars, organ grinders, and peanut vendors on the street are just human forms of trash, capable of individual, self-controlled movement. But are they? Are they—their lives—not blown about by the wind like any other bit of useless scrap left on the streets, being totally dependent on conditions forever beyond their control?

"Hey, buddy, can you spare me a half a buck?" A dirty, unshaven face, reeking of alcohol, pushes itself close to him.

No, no, no. Fearfully, he hurries away, with a deep feeling of disgust.

With these thoughts and pictures of the last few minutes racing through his mind, Reed carefully makes his way through the dense crowd. The foul, gray-white vapors from the constantly open mouths dart out at him, touch him. His senses scream. Half running, he breaks through and stands gasping for air.

It can't all be like that, can it? There're other things, too, aren't there? Why, there's beauty, there's happiness, there's adventure, isn't there? There must be these other things, there must! And success, too; there's got to be success here!

With his mind in a frenzy, Reed crosses the street and enters a dirty, brownstone building. Trembling, he climbs the filthy, stained stairway to the office. The cold, sticky doorknob turns under his sweaty grasp, and he enters.

Lois and the office manager are sipping their morning coffee and talking.

"G-G-Good morning, Lois."

Why doesn't she even look at me.. She just sits there with that big oaf.

"Hey, stupid, don't just stand there—do something," the loud voice of the manager calls to him.

Lois chuckles.

"Hurry up, or I'll report you to the boss. You're already five minutes late."

Another chuckle.

No, Lois, you didn't laugh, did you? Did you? Why, Lois? Why are you smiling, you big ass? Idiots! Fools! You're nothing to me! Absolutely nothing! You're all phony, unreal; this whole damn world is just a fake, a phony, a fabrication, a . . . a substitution! There's no love, no goodness, no humor, not even any human dignity here! There's no life! There's no nothing!

My world is the only true world.

Click.

Fish or Cut Bait

*Will you fish, or cut bait?
How long must we wait
For you to decide?*

— G. T. Tedeschi '66

*Will you stand at the rail,
Rock-like, fighting the bitter gale,
Risking all, though unsure of success,*

*Or, safe and warm below, will you fill your pail,
Secure in the knowledge that you cannot fail,
With bait.*

Volare

*Suffice my thoughts to be my wings
By which I experience miraculous things.*

THE HOUSE TIME FORGOT

Lawrence Jakmauh '65



— Taylor

STANGE I had not noticed it before. The street was right off the road leading to the Expressway entrance. On a bittercold winter day, a day I was thankful of the warm home that was my destination, I turned the car down it before I knew what I was doing. Looking for a shortcut, I told myself. But this was not the real reason. I like doing new things, seeing new sights. Well, my premonition had not failed me. What was there about this street? No cars were parked on either side. It was much too narrow for that. The street curved in a long, gracious sweep. The houses were quite old, and though weather-beaten, were not dilapidated. Obviously this had once been a fashionable section.

All the houses varied from one another in exact outline and style, yet all retained the same basic grandeur. One house in particular caught my attention. I stopped the car, and lit a cigarette. A long picket fence, bereft of paint, encircled the front yard in a graceful arc, following a red brick sidewalk.

The house itself, set back from the sidewalk, was huge. Twenty rooms, I estimated. Doric columns rose high on the front porch. Balconies jutted out proudly. The left front portion was curved like a castle's turret. A wind-swept widow's walk topped it off like a stately coronet.

In the wintry light of a New England dusk, the whole scene, the fence, the house, and the age-old tree in the yard, barren and sighing in the wind, had a bizarre, yet fascinating affect on me. I wondered what it looked like inside. Probably davenports, velours, tassels, and crystal. Houses like this were a perfect setting for crystal.

Suddenly I shivered as a cold blast from the partially open car window chilled me. I must have been sitting there ten minutes. I knew I should be on my way, but I wanted to go up and ring the bell. Then what? Pardon me, but I couldn't help admiring the house. What a fool I'd sound like. Well, enough of this. I had started out to see a new sight, and I had.

I was not fated to leave quite so soon. It may have been the cold, or perhaps I had needed new plugs, but the engine wouldn't start. I went up to the house to ask to use the phone. Walking up to the porch, I heard the dulcet notes of a piano, floating out onto the brittle air. When I rang the bell, they softened to a whisper and died away in the echoing recesses of the house. The door opened, and the fragrance of age reached me.

Standing in the doorway was a white-haired woman. She could have been from fifty to a hundred years old, yet she looked alert and youthful-minded. Her

posture was perfect. She stood as straight as the stained-glass windowed door next to her.

"The mail?" she asked.

"No, my car won't start," I said, and motioned to the street.

"What a strange-looking vehicle! Isn't it hard to . . ."

"Drive? Well, it is a foreign-shift model, but you get used to it. And great mileage. I was wondering if I could use your phone."

"Phone?" she said in a tone of unfamiliarity. I'm afraid we don't have one of those. But won't you come in and have some tea? It's so cold out."

I hesitated. It certainly would be good to get warmed up. At the same time I didn't want to impose.

"It's no bother. You see, my son is away in the Army, and it's so seldom that we get visitors."

"Thanks very much," and with that I walked into an open entranceway. It was not until then that I noticed her clothes. They were fantastically old-fashioned, yet they had a newly made look. The wine-colored velvet dress reached to the polished parquet floor. Around her wrists, and at her throat, were intricately-patterned, fine trimmings of fancy lace. The lace at her throat was fastened with an ivory cameo broach.

"Grandmother! Grandmother! Is it father?" a tiny voice called out.

Another small voice echoed, "Is it, Grandmother? Is it?"

And suddenly two young children rushed down the stairs, the bannisters of which were supported by fancily-carved wood grillwork. The children, too, were dressed in antique clothing. But somehow, in that house, it seemed natural, and not at all incongruous.

"No children. This young man is just going to join us for tea."

"Maybe he knows Father, Grandmother," the small girl said.

I doubt it, children. But we shall see. Victoria, you may bring in the tea tray to the parlor. Kenneth, you will help with the rolls. Take care, mind you."

They dashed off to the kitchen, and my hostess drew me into the parlor. I had been right. Crystal was predominant. It hung from the ornate, yet not garish chandelier, and from the frosted glass of

the lamps. The house was veritable museum. Everything was antique, but still, like the old woman's clothes, had a fresh look. I resolved to pry discreetly into the story of this house, and its inhabitants.

"The children are such a joy to me. without them, this house would just fall apart. Their father's away fighting in the Army."

"Oh, Viet Nam?"

She looked at me strangely.

"I've never heard of that place. No, Albert is in Northern . . ."

Her sentence was interrupted by the arrival of Victoria, carrying the tea tray with the air of a duchess.

"Here it is."

"Do you know our father?" asked Kenneth, pursing his lips.

"No, but I'm sure he's a fine man."

"Oh, he is. Everyday he used to take us to the park, and we'd feed the pigeons."

Victoria came over to me, and placed a small hand on my knee. It was a simple, yet touching gesture.

"Whenever he comes home from a trip, he brings us wonderful things. Dolls, and toy soldiers, and little books with pictures."

"Now, children, I'm sure our visitor isn't interested in your toys. You may each take a roll, and play in the attic, if you promise not to get your clothes dirty."

"We won't!" and they were up the stairs in a flash. The grandmother turned to me.

"They're well-behaved children, but they do need the influence of their father. I'm afraid I spoil them terribly. Their mother died just before Albert left with the Army. I do wish all this fighting would end. There have been so many killed already. Gettysburg, all over again."

An insane thought crossed my mind. No, it was impossible. The house was affecting my imagination. I started to tell her how I had stopped to admire the house, its style and grace. My eyes roamed around the semi-circular room. Yes, it was like walking into the past.

"This house, it must be very old."

"Ah, yes. It was built by my father for his bride, when they returned from Europe. Of course, times were slower and different then. Everyone knew each other, and how to enjoy life, or at least try to.

Why I recall one day we had guests over playing croquet in the back yard . . ."

As she spoke, I was transported to an age of gracious living. An age when palmetto fans swished gently on verandas, and horse-drawn carriages glided down shaded lanes where the leafy canopy overhead tinted everything a soothing green.

We talked of many things. She did not have a dry, cracked voice, but her speech was high-toned and silvery like a mild brook.

"People have changed, I suppose. You can't blame everything on the changing times. Nowadays, everyone must look so hard for 'the meaning of life'. That's one reason there is so much discord in the world today. If only people would enjoy life while they have it, instead of mumbling about 'meaning'. So many are so busy trying to see the top of the mountain or the distant star, they don't even notice the flowers at their feet."

"Yes," I agreed, "Sometimes we are so wrapped up in what we believe to be important, that we miss some very small, but very important things."

It was getting late, but I was still curious about Albert's location.

"By the way, where did you say Albert was stationed?"

But no answer came. The grandmother's head was nodding. Her breath came evenly. She slept. Well, it was time for me to go. Before I left, I wanted to leave something for the children. I searched through my pockets for something suitable. As luck would have it, that very day I had found in an old desk, a tiny carved black elephant, with real ivory tusks. I put it on the tea tray. She would give it to them later.

Often I think of my visit to that home, sometimes on the crowded subway, or driving on the Expressway during rush hour. Some things are better left unexplained. Deep down inside I realize that day will slip into day, month to month, and year to year, in that house. The children will never grow older. The Grandmother will never change. Albert will never come home from the war . . . But life will go on . . . Easy, settled, gracious . . . In the house that time forgot.

Les Yeux Malheureux

*Everywhere I go,
Everyplace I turn,
They are always there,
Seeking still to learn.*

*In them I can see fear,
Anxiety, despair;
Sad with worldly troubles
And sick with earthly care,*

*They gaze around for knowledge
All o'er terrestrial sphere.
Does no one have the answer
To why we all are here?*

*And when each day they see me,
They know the key I lack,
For the question mark in their eyes
My own eyes reflect back.*

— Lawrence Jakmauh '65

A BRIEF SURVEY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

Steven Cushing '66

THE FIRST extant work in the English language that is still in existence is **Be-a-wolf**. This poem was written unanimously, probably by an unknown author. It is the story of three great thanes: Be-a-wolf, Hrothchild, and Unferth of Forth. This epoch is rather difficult to understand, since it is ridden with Old Anguish, the language of the Angels, an acute race which inhabited England at the time of the Normal inversion.

No further writing of export was done in England until the Medevil Period. Geoffrey Chaucer's **Canterbury Tails**, the major work of this period, is an excellent example of Muddled English, the avuncular dialectic of the common people (also called the Meddling Didactic). Some minor poems were also decomposed about the time of the **Canterbury Tails**. Among these were **Sir Gawain and the Jolly Green Giant**, a corny narrative about Paul Bunyon, **Sir Patrick's Pants**, a tall tailor's tale about a tall tailor's tails, and the pallid **Buick Chase**, a sentimental journey to the chariot races of the lower East Side of London. With these works we come, fortuitously, to the end of the Medevil Period and enter the Elizabethan Comma.

The Elizabethan Comma was named after Queen Elizabeth, the daughter of Henry VIII Part II. The emphesyma during this age was on non-fiction. Baines Johnson's **Volpone** was an excellent dissection of Massachusetts politics, surpassed only by his mortality play **Everyman in His Homer**, a detailed study of the two most important relics of Greek literature, **The Idiot** and **The Oddity**.

The most important books to be published during this time were Richard Haclod's **Principal's Aggravations**, **Voyages**, and **The Discovery of the English Nation**, without which English literature would probably have turned out very different. Two poems of the age had a rather far-reaching inference. The book

which set the stile in writing for years to come was John Lylyly's **Phew**, a half-baked work written in very floury language. The romance **Arcadia Bizarre**, in which Sir Philip Sidney first made known his view that the mystics of his time were getting too big for their bridges, became the standard textbook in economics for weeks after its publication.

The greatest dramatist of the Elizabethan Comma was William Shakespeare. Although he wrote many plays of questionable quantity, Shakespeare is best-known for his famous solipsism "2b or not 2b", which he was heard moaning during an algebra test at Stratford Junior High School. There is also supposed to be a great deal of wisdom and tooth in Shakespeare's larynx poetry, particularly in his Easter sonnet.

John Dumb, an insomniac, was the only other poet of the Elizabethan Comma. His **A Valediction Forbidding Morning** is atypical work, encompassing many of the library ideas and theory of the meaty-physical poets.

We come now to the Pure Caravan Period. This period was influenced by the Arabic culture moar than any other age of English literature. Characteristic of this period were its voluminous scientific and technical treatments, such as Sir Figby Newton's **Prinsipient**. This book was a real landmark in English literature, since it was written in Latin.

The grated poet of the Pure Caravan Period was John Brookline, whose major work was **Paradox Lost**. This long poem is an exciting adventure story about two religious medics who were somehow buried in an urn and later rescued by Sir Thomas Brown. Brookline's only play was **Samson's Agonies**, a closet drama written in clothed couplets.

Drama was not a very popular form of writing during this period and neither was drampa. The only playwrite worthless of mention is John Dryden. Dryden wrote

many plays, but he is best-known for his comity of manors **All Four Loves**, a plagiarized version of Shakespeare's **Ant on Knee and Coleoptera**, which is a plagiarized version of a chapter of Pluto's **Lives**. Pluto was a real cad and thus had nine of these.

More popular than drama were, as we have seen before, the works of the scientists of age. One such writer was Paul Bunyan, who lived in seclusion on Pepy's Dairy a few miles outside of Louvrepool. His **Pilgrim's Progressions** was a hypermetropic story of the mathematical acclivity of early Plymouth Rolle. For this book Bunyan was rewarded the Novel Prize three times.

The Eighteenth Century is justly called the Age of Raisins, probably because of the prunish aptitude of most of the nobility. The most common poetic form of this period was the craven cutlet, a set of iambic pentameter lions with the rhyme scheme abracadabra. The writers of this age are often termed pedestrian because of their insistence on writing in iambic feet.

The dramatists of this period preferred plights dealing with ancient Greece or Rome. Such a play was Addison Steele's **Kiss Me, Cato**, which deals with the life of Sir Robber the Coverlet, an idle spectator of rambling tattlers. Oliver Goldsmith's **She Steps to Concord** and Philip Sheridan's **The Rebels** were the only other travesties written by the eighteenth sentry.

Essays became very popular during the Age of Raisins. Most of the essays of this period were satyrs, such as those of Swift's Premium. Premium became famous as a sadder satyr because of his caustic trilogy **The Tale of a Tub**, **Modest Disposal**, and **Garbage's Travels**, an exciting journey through the sewers of Paris.

Edgar Allan Pope and Samuel Jonson were the outstanding political and sports writers, respectfully, of the eighteenth centurion. With his **Assay of Man's Criticism** Pope founded the Republican Party and gave it its first base principle: "Whatever was, is right." Jonson's **Wrestlers** was the greatest athlete's feat of the period, equalled only by the novel **Home Runs**, by Center Fielding. All of these works are classic examples of the vanity of human witches.

The Romantic Period was found by William Wordsworth Longfellow and Samuel Tailor Cribbage in their volume **Lyrical Ballast**. This book contains the famous **Rhyme of the Ancient Marijuana**, an adventure story with no heroine.

Sir Walter Raleigh was the best novice of the Romantic Age. His too great works were **Ivan Hoe**, the story of a poor Russian farmboy from southern Arkansas, and **Kennelworth**, a shaggy dog's tail of no real consequence. The only other novelty of the age was Jane Houston. However we need not tax our minds with a consideration of her favorite work **Cents and Census-Takers**, since this would be unprophetic anyway.

Popular to contrary belief the best lyric bombs of this age were **Old Imitations of Immorality**, by Longfellow, **A Coupla Cans**, by Cribbage, and **Ode on a Greasy Urn**, by John Crates. Sinus Gray's **Effigy Ridden in a Country Churchyard**, a fine allergy about life in Stonehenge, was also rather populist.

The assay was used by many Romantic authors. Crates created quite a spectacle, when he founded the science of op-cits with his definite article **On First Looking Into Chapman's Humor**, a cornea analysis of Virgil's **Aqueid**. **A Disputation of Roast Lamb** is credited to both Charles Pig and Roger Bacon, each of whom was a real ham anyway. A heated controversy is still ensuing on this important question.

At this point in our scury we come to the Victrola Period of English literature. The novel was the most purple form of writing drawing this period. It was at this time that Charles Dickens, otherwise known as the Wizard of Boz, published his delicious **Picnic Papers** in twenty monthly installations. His ingenuous series, **Oliver Monkey**, **Oliver Watusi**, and **Oliver Mashed Potato**, all variations of the **Oliver Twist**, has endeared him in the hearts of primitive anthropologists everywhere.

Marianne Odds, better-known as George T. S. Eliot, was the most imported feline novelist of the error. Her best works **The Venerable Adam Bede** and **Silent Miners** are stern, serial books about duty and personable conduction. Other woman writers of the period were Charcoal Burnt and her sister Emil, the detective, whose masterpiece was a story about tree surgery, called **Withering Heights**.

In the field of non-friction, much work was done in science and hysteria. Charles Darwin revised the study of economics with his book **The Origin of Species**. Although Darwin was first criticized for such a coinly treatment of his subjection, interest in Taoism was soon revised as a result of Herbert Centser's **Fast Principles of Biomental Fundamology**. The chief historian of the age was Thomas Babbling McCarty, whose **Heroes and Warships** was the first of his many past and present latter-day pamphlets.

Notorious critics of the Victrola Period were Alfred E. Newman, Benedict Arnold, Dean Ruskin, and John Tudor Mill. Their major works, **Libraries**, **The Objections to Women**, **Modern Pointers**, and **The Stones of Venus** are excellent treatments of many critical points.

It was during this age that the shirt story came into its own. The most infa-

mous users of this form were Thomas Hardnocks, Adlai Louis Stevenson, and Alexander Poe. James Conant Doyle's **Shylock's Home tales** and Thomas Huxley's **Brave New Word** have given the shoe story a firm footing in the world of English literature.

Victorious poetry is best resented by Alfred Lard Pennycent's **Brake, Brake, Brake**, the story of a car-sick auto racer, and Edward Scott Fitzgerald's **The Ruby Yacht or Oh My Kaiak**. Lewis Carroll's **Jabberwocky** will not be mentioned in this essay.

With the end of the Victrola Period we come also to the concussion of our surveyor. We could now consider the literature of the Twentieth Century, such as the adventurous romances of Jane Masefield, but it seems safer to end our essay at this point.

Complaint

*So pick a flower
And flick it into the faces
Of those uncompromising cynics
Who hang about us like dead leaves
On a dormant oak . . . so useless, so far removed.*

*So pick a flower
And shove it into their dilated
critical
analytical
nostrils.
Make them smell it.*

*Beautiful, isn't it?
Makes life worth living, doesn't it?
No?
Drop dead, you swine!*

*So pick a carnation
And wear it in your lapel
When you go to The Funeral
And tell Him that they
Frowned upon His creation.*

— Paul Rajcok '65

ONCE PYTHAGORAS SAW

Martins Duhms '65

EVERY SUNDAY Miss Prentice played the organ at the church and, in spite of her advancing years, she looked like an angel. She was a woman in love — in love with the silver-haired minister who spoke so beautifully of the goodness of the Lord, of love, and of kindness. Never was there any of the modern ugliness in his sermons. Never were atomic bombs, murders, and perversions mentioned. He seemed so pure, so untainted by the sordidness of the world that her heart melted as she played, and at times she thought she saw Jesus himself speaking from the pulpit and had visions of throwing herself at his feet. Then she suddenly grew frightened at her own passion and shuddered. What would he think of her? He would take her for a sinful woman — an evil temptress sent by the devil. No!!! Visions of hell danced before her eyes, and it was only the golden voice from the pulpit that brought her back to the green peaceful earth, to the beautiful Sunday morning, the day decreed for rest.

It had been love at first sight. He had been escorted in by the gentleman from the synod, and they had been introduced. He had taken her hand, repeating her name, getting it wrong, and then apologizing. She had smiled forgivably. He had been so nice. And every Sunday they met, and he said, "Good morning, Miss Prentice," and the way he intoned that and what his eyes spoke to her made



— Cumming

her blush prettily. What did it matter that he looked that way at everybody? His heart was so big and his love so great that all the people in the world could be included and she would only feel greater happiness. Oh, if she could only be worthy of this man.

Now, the good reverend was not unaware of the beauty of love. A bachelor, possessing certain physical attractiveness, he knew something of the great joy a woman could bring a man. His heart too beat for a girl — the most beautiful, sweetest, purest girl in the world. Every Sunday he spoke to his congregation, but especially, yes especially . . . He coaxed his words like doves of light to fly and alight on his loved one's shoulder and coo softly into her ear his great, almost inexpressible joy. There she sat every Sunday with her languid brown eyes turned up to him. God, how he loved her — his mother!

Mrs. Corbet always sat in the front row opposite the pulpit. She was a God-fearing woman. Although well over sixty, she held her head high and walked with an assertive air. And she had every reason to. Who else had a son like hers

— pastor of the largest church in Longview, respected, in fact admired, by his congregation. Yes, *her* William! Her good gentle son who always obeyed her — so, so different from his wastrel father. He was her life.

Mrs. Corbet had not missed a single Sunday in the past six years; then suddenly, without warning, she did not appear on Whitsunday. That day the reverend spoke a little brusquely, perhaps, but therefore with greater feeling on "Jesus Healing the Ill." It was an exceptionally touching sermon — one to be long remembered and treasured. And it also struck responsive chords in the heart of Miss Prentice.

When the reverend entered the chancery, after ushering the last of his flock out, she was waiting for him all flushed and fidgety and not a little choked up. In fact, this was the first time they had been alone together, and she felt the need to say something — anything. She wanted to say so much to this dear man that her tongue twisted and nothing, but nothing, came out.

The good reverend had an astute eye and perceived her troubled brow. He came forward and with infinite kindness he took one of her hands into his and looked understandingly into her eyes.

"Miss Prentice, is something troubling you, my dear?"

My dear. He had actually called her that, and her heart welled over and her lips spoke.

"Oh reverend, I wish to thank you for that wonderful sermon. I . . . I . . ."

The look of compassion bade her continue.

"It made me realize the great loneliness of the sick and . . . ah, well . . . ah, you see, I have a very close relative who has been ill for some time . . . an uncle . . . in Philadelphia . . . and I just realized that I should really . . ."

The minister knew what was coming, and ordinarily he would have been slightly dismayed by the effectiveness of his preaching. After all, finding a new organist might present certain problems. As it was, however, her revelation made him painfully aware of the ticking of the clock and the coat to which his way was blocked. Enthusiastically he cut into the good lady's halting monologue.

"Miss Prentice, what a worthy idea! My esteem of you — always high of course — has soared tremendously. Yes, my dear, your uncle is a lucky man. His gain will be our loss, my loss. I fear Sunday mornings will not be the same without your playing. I shall miss you."

They were standing very close and she, scarcely daring to breathe, gazed upon his silvery hair, her face in rapture.

"Yes, my dear, I admire you for it and may God be with you in your mission of mercy."

He patted her hand, neatly sidestepped, grabbed his coat and was gone.

I shall miss you. She sighed dreamily and folded her hands, but the sigh ended in a suppressed sob. Her body was wracked by painful convulsions.

"That hypocrite!"

"That **damned** hypocrite!"

Deceptions

*The delicate snow, drifting silently to the ground,
Shrouds the frozen earth and naked shrubs
From the faint, gossamer fingers of early morn,
Whose touch illuminates the dull, flecked heavens.
In the distance, a half-covered rock is revealed,
Bearing with dignity the artist's name.*

— Kenneth Bechis '66

THE QUARTERBACK AND THE PIXIE

John Philbrook '66

"FOR THE LAST TIME, Ma, I'll be O.K.! You and Dad just have a good time, and don't worry!" So said Bill, waving his parents off to their second honeymoon in Hawaii. All he could say on the way home from the airport was "Two weeks to myself!"

But by the time he got home, he was thinking what will I do with all that time? School's out; friends, gone away for the summer. But, deep down inside, he had already planned exactly what he would do: watch the ballgames on television, and catch up on his sleeping. Not the wandering Lothario's life for him, mostly because he didn't know what Lothario meant; nor would he indulge in the more serene ways of a bibliophile, also because of lack of vocabulary. No, for these two weeks it would only be two things: baseball and sumber . . .

"One o'clock and all's well!" sang Bill as he slammed the front door for the pure pleasure of slamming a door without being yelled at. "The game won't be on till two; already had my lunch; now what?" He ambled into the livingroom, and picked up a magazine. But he soon threw it down again: reading always made him bored and tired. At first his parents were worried about this. But when the coach at school told them that Bill was the most promising young player on the varsity football team, they decided to forget about his reading and content themselves with the thought that Bill would one day be a famous quarterback . . .

Well, might as well take a nap thought Bill, falling onto the couch. Yawning, he started to fall asleep.

Suddenly, a girl's voice rang through the air, sundering his repose. "Wake up, stupid!"

"What?! Who said that?" blurted Bill, starting up.

"I did!" said the voice, following her remark with ripples of light laughter.

Bill looked around the room in astonishment. There was nobody there.

"Where are you?" whispered Bill, almost as if he were afraid to ask.

"Over here, silly!"

"Where?" Bill was getting frightened.

"On the table by the window."

He quickly turned to the spot the voice had directed, and there, sitting on his mother's small walnut table, was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. At least he thought it was a girl. She was the size of the average seventeen year old girl.

"Well, come on, boy! Say something! Don't just stare at me!!"

"A, a, hello," Bill stammered.

Her laughter sounded through the room again. "Well, hello to you, too!"

"Who, who are y-y-you?" Bill stuttered.

"Just a pixie."

"A what?!"

"A pixie: it's something like a fairy."

"Yeh, I know, but—"

"But you don't believe me? Well, I'll prove it to you." So saying, she disappeared.

"Hey, where are you?" said Bill, becoming frightened again.

"I'm up here!" shouted the pixie.

Bill looked up, and there she was sitting upside down on the ceiling.

"Believe me now?" she laughed.

Bill could only stare in amazement.

"You're not falling asleep again, are you?" said the pixie, floating to the ground in front of him.

"I don't even think I'm awake!" said Bill.

"Oh, I'll take care of that!" She moved around behind him and delivered a swift kick to his posterior.

"OW!!" he screamed. "You didn't have to do THAT!"

"Now that you're fully awake, let's get down to business. You are Bill Crane, right?" asked the pixie, pulling a small card from the pocket of her pale, green, silk dress.

"Yes."

"You'll be a senior when you go back to school in the fall—"

"Right."

"You're an excellent quarterback, and a first rate pitcher—"

"Yes. Thank you. But who are **you**?"

"I already told you. A pixie."
"Don't you have a name?"
"Oh yes. Katherine."
"Katherine what?"
"No, just Katherine."
"No last name?"
"No last name. Now—"
"But where did you come from?" persisted Bill.

She merely rolled her eyes and walked into the dining room. "Now, the first thing we'll do is take up literature, then music, then."

"Wait a minute! What are you trying to do? Nobody studies in the summer! What do you want anyway?"

"What do I want? I don't want anything. I'm here because **you're** stupid."

"STUPID!!!!"

"Stupid. Exactly. I have been sent to educate you."

"Educate me!! But I don't need any education!" said Bill, turning a little blue. "I, I-but, but, but, who sent you anyway?"

"I have been sent by a power who hates to see people blunder through life not knowing which end is up."

"Who?" he asked.

"You!"

"No! This power!"

"Does it matter?"

"Yes."

"No. All that matters is that I'm here for two weeks, and I'm going to teach you culture and appreciation of beauty, even if I have to kill you to do it!!!"

At the word "kill," Bill shrank back, and became suddenly more tractable. Not that he was a coward. He could probably lick anyone on the football team. But, in this case, he didn't know what he was dealing with. After all, thought Bill, if this girl can sit on the ceiling and appear and disappear at will, who knows what other strange powers she has? No, far better to go along with what she says.

"All right, I give in."

"Good. If you help yourself, I'll be able to help you all the more. Now, first of all, you must learn to call me Kati."

So for the next few days, she taught him English, French, and German literatures. All day long, she would teach him; then, when night came, she would vanish, only to reappear next morning. After literature, she moved on quite rapidly to music: operas, jazz, symphonies, broad-

way shows, lives of composers, and note reading. Then, on the third day of the second week, they took up the study of dancing. It was a strange thing, dancing. His boyish instinct, no matter how hard it tried, could not seem to manage to step on Kati's feet.

They plodded through modern dancing: he could not step on her feet. They trudged through ancient dancing: he did not step on her feet. Finally, they began accelerating their speed in Kati's hodge-podge course. Starting with a languorous fox-trot, they worked their way up to a zippy polka. Kati put the record on. "**The Ohne Sorgen Polka,**" she announced gaily. Then Kati placed one of his hands around her waist, joined his other hand with one of hers, and let her remaining hand flutter to his shoulder. Then the music started with a bang. They were off! Round and round the room they sped.

"God, this is fast!" exclaimed Bill, barely managing to keep up with his partner. Kati only danced on. After a few moments, he began to notice how close they were and remarked upon it.

"It's meant to be that way," said Kati with a suspicious little smile. "When we're in closer proximity, we tend to work together more as a single unit, and keep in step better without losing speed."

Faster and faster they went, round and round the room. Bill was very pleased with himself. "Gee, I must be doing pretty good. I haven't stepped on your feet once since we started."

"What feet?" asked Kati as they sped on.

"Yours—" He looked down to find that her feet weren't there. Bill stopped dancing immediately. "What happened to your feet?!"

"I always make them disappear when we dance: it's safer that way! When they're invisible, they don't get hurt when you step on them."

"Oh!" Well, thought Bill. Looks like I wasn't as good as I thought I was. Kati read his thoughts and said, "Here. We'll try it again, and this time I'll keep my feet visible. You're just about past the foot-crushing stage, anyway. I'll start the record again."

There it was again. They were off: round and round. The dancing went a little slower this time because Bill made

a mighty effort not to step on Kati's now visible feet. Despite this over-cautiousness on Bill's part, they kept up a rather fast speed. Finally the polka started down the home stretch, the most crucial part of all. Faster and faster went the music. Faster and faster went the dancers, round and round, faster and FASTER. As the last note of the polka sounded, they both fell down dizzy and laughing.

"Hey, let's do that again!"

"Do you really want to?" asked Kati almost amazed.

In answer Bill jumped up to the phonograph and placed the needle on one of the grooves: the wrong one. The music which came over the speaker was twice as fast as the previous polka, but Bill did not notice.

"Come on, let's go!" said Bill. "This sounds like a good one."

"But that's a galop," protested Kati. "Galops are much too fast."

"Oh, come on! Let's try."

"All right . . ."

One morning at about six, he looked up to see her rousing him.

"Wake up, silly! You'll miss it! Hurry!!"

"Miss what? What the--" But she was already gone. He got up and followed her to the backyard. There he found her sitting on the back steps.

"Sit down. You'll see it better from here," she whispered.

"See what?? What are you tr--"

"Ssh!!"

"But it's pitch black. You can't see anything, even if you wanted to!"

"Ssh!!! Sit down!!!!" She yanked his arm, till he came tumbling down into a sitting position. They sat, looking into the darkness for a few seconds; then, suddenly, she exclaimed, "Look!! There it is!! SEE!!! Isn't it pretty?! Over there!"

He looked over to where she was pointing. So that's it, thought Bill. Ha, the sunrise. Funny little kid, she enjoys such silly things. Well, I suppose it's **sort of** pretty, sort of: light lighting the darkness without anyone having to throw a switch . . .

By such silly things as looking at the sunrise, Kati was unintentionally beginning to endear herself to Bill. Bill, quite unconscious of what was coming over him, began insisting upon seeing the sunrise with Kati every morning. Then they began viewing the sun setting, the sun at

high noon, and finally that proverbial clincher: the moon. In short, Bill had fallen head over cleats in love. But, instead of showing his love outwardly, Bill became so secretive about it that even his beloved was confused as to what was really going on. In fact, Kati thought that he had completely succumbed to her teachings and was ready for the final lesson.

As the final lesson, Kati proposed that she teach Bill the two-fold art of getting along with his fellow man and being a conversational wizard.

"But I already know how to get along with other people!" fumed Bill.

"No one ever knows enough about maintaining smooth social relations: your conversational abilities can always be improved."

"But I'm a great talker already! I get along with all of my friends. I never talk about women, religion, or politics."

"**YOU DON'T!!!**" exclaimed Kati in abject horror. "If you don't talk about women, religion, or politics, what is there left to talk about?"

"Well, I, I- Sports!" said Bill triumphantly.

"**Here we go again!!**" cried Kati, turning his triumph into instant defeat. "You're too one-sided! It's all sports, sports, sports! Politics, religion, and women are just as good topics, if you use common sense."

"Here," she said, shoving a piece of paper under his nose. "Take these rules down: One. Never talk about women to a woman. Two--"

"I know!" said Bill, cutting in. "Two. Never talk about politics to a politician. And three. Never talk about religion to--"

"No, stupid! That's not it at all! There are only two rules: One. Never talk about women to a woman. Two. With religion and politics never say anything that can be construed as either negative or positive. No matter what you think, always say **neutral** things about everything."

For the remainder of that day, and a good deal of the next one, they played mental ping-pong. Kati would set up outlandish situations, playing the parts of two people, each holding the exact opposite of the other's opinion. She put Bill in the middle; and, in the part of each person, asked him his opinion. At first,

he tended to sway to one side. Then he became two-faced, giving each side a different opinion, each unbeknown to the opposite side of the argument. Finally, however, he caught on and made one elusive little remark, which would get him out of his ticklish middle-position and partially satisfy both sides of the argument:

"Now," said Kati. "Mr. A is Jewish and Mr. C is Christian. Mr. A says that Christians are the worst people in the world, while Mr. C says that Jews are the worst people in the world. They come to you for a decision. What do you say?"

"I'm a Buddhist."

Kati was delighted.

By now, the two weeks were almost entirely at an end. Bill's parents would be home in a few hours, so Kati prepared to leave.

"Well, I guess this is it. Good-bye, Bill."

"No, Kati, don't go!" pleaded Bill in a sudden fit of emotion. "I love you. Stay with me and we'll get married!"

Kati was deeply moved, but had no in-

tention of staying. "No, no. It would never work out. You're a mortal; I'm not. Mixed marriages seldom work out right, except on television. No, I'm afraid I can't stay, Bill. You'll find some pretty mortal, who'll make you very happy."

"But, Kati, I—"

"**Auf Wiedersehen,** Bill!" said Kati as she disappeared.

"Kati, come back!! Please!! There'll never be anyone else! I love you! I love you!!"

Suddenly, she appeared again, saying, "What was that?"

"Oh, Kati! I knew you'd come back!!" exclaimed Bill, rushing toward her.

"Stop!" she said, halting him with a twist of her hand. "What was it you said?"

"I love you, Kati!"

"No, before that."

"There'll never be anyone else! You're the only one I'll ever love!! There'll never—"

Kati cut in with one of her laughing cadenzas, and then said:

"**BULL!!!**" And with that she disappeared, never to be seen by Bill again.

Tenebrous Tree or Vicissitude of a Christmas Evergreen

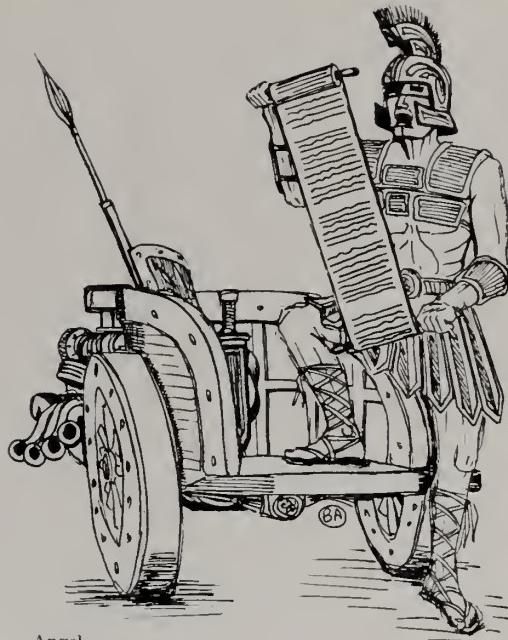
*It lay beneath the street lamp's light,
A web of tinsel feebly bright
Now mocked its fall from place of fame
To dirty street and naked shame.*

*A chill wind shakes its dying limbs
Which once did hear the holy hymns.
Yet long ere this it stood serene,
And watched a quiet forest scene.*

*If it had been content to stay,
And wait for song of bright blue-jay,
It could have shunned that fatal way,
For short-lived fame brings long dismay.*

— Lawrence Jakmauh '65

EDITORIALS



— Angel

CHINA — AN EXCEPTION TO THE RULE

THE GREATEST MISTAKE in American foreign policy today is this country's stubborn refusal to recognize the Chinese People's Republic as the legal government of China. For the past fifteen years our government has insisted that the so-called Nationalist Chinese regime of Chiang Kai Shek represents the seven hundred million people of mainland China. This is absurd.

John Kenneth Galbraith has made the following statement on American policy toward China: "What passes for an American policy toward China is really an effort to devise plausible explanations for inaction and plausible reasons for other countries to support us therin." Galbraith feels that we must be as suspicious of those who try to "sweep our foreign policy problems under the rug" as we are of those "who declare that we should defend the status quo in Mississippi or Harlem with a gun." The real reason for our inaction in dealing with China, according to Galbraith, is "domestic politics."

Apprehensions of public disapproval, rather than moral apprehensions, moreover, seem to govern the State Department's China policy. For fifteen years we have refused to recognize China and any abrupt change in policy would undoubtedly bring about widespread domestic criticism.

On the other hand, the present policy has been defended on the grounds that this nation chooses to recognize only those nations which conduct their affairs peaceably. It seems, however, that China and perhaps Cuba are the only nations which are deprived of official American recognition because of their hostile behavior. The United States, it must be pointed out, readily recognizes such governments as the Soviet Union and the African neighbors of the Republic of the Congo, which have from time to time committed blatant acts of aggression; these nations, moreover, have not been subject to any of the reproach and isolation suffered by China.

If and when the United States decides fully to recognize the mainland regime in China, the American government should also be prepared to support the Peking government's right to occupy China's seat in the UN. When China was originally admitted to the UN and received a seat on the Security Council, there was obviously the under-

standing that the hundreds of millions of Chinese would be represented in the world body. Since 1949 this has not been so. It is true that democracy in the Western sense of the word does not exist in China today. It is almost equally true, however, that democracy in the Western sense did not exist in China in 1945.

One argument concerning eventual US recognition of China, an argument often discarded as too simple, is the following: "If we bring China into the UN and recognize her, then maybe she will refine her methods as the Russians seem to have done." Although this may sound like wishful thinking, it is not unrealistic to assume that China, like the Soviet Union, will realize that war is not inevitable once she establishes the numerous trade, cultural, and diplomatic contacts that the Soviet Union now maintains with the west. China is still a poor country, often lacking sufficient food to feed her population properly. This underdevelopment has forced China, as lack of food throughout history has forced other nations, to look for areas which could be brought into her sphere of influence. If China could participate in the various food and agricultural programs sponsored by the UN and the Western nations, she might very well realize that peaceful coexistence is more practical in the Nuclear Age than "Wars of Liberation."

There is no doubt that in several important instances, notably Korea, Tibet, and the Indian border dispute, China's actions have given the world good reason to doubt any peaceful pretenses she might make. But isolation has thus far failed to change China's policies; any continuation of this isolationist policy on our part will only breed deeper misunderstanding.

Again it should be pointed out that a nation's behavior or beliefs are not usually the criteria used by the United States in recognition policy. Only recently the United States recognized a regime in Yemen that is backed by Egyptian troops and by Soviet arms. The United States immediately recognized this regime, but still hesitates to recognize China, a nation which has a suspicion of Westerners dating back to days of the Western exploitation of that nation. This suspicion can best be dissipated if the Chinese are shown that Americans are not "foreign devils" but are seekers of peace. The establishment of normal national and international relations with China would best achieve this goal.

— Stephen Feldman '65

TEENAGE DRINKING

RECENTLY THERE has been a marked increase in teenage drinking and, as a result, a rising number of fatal accidents sweeping the country. Tragedies such as the Darien, Connecticut case headlined in the papers cause people to wonder how teenagers procure liquor and why they feel compelled to drink when they certainly know what a menace liquor is to them.

Despite the law, liquor is very easy to get by any person who wants it. Clever teenagers forge identification and drivers' licenses to prove that they are of legal drinking age. About five hundred forgeries of licenses were discovered last year in Massachusetts alone. Sometimes these subterfuges are unnecessary; to some clerks and some waiters any customer looks twenty-one. Many adults and older friends are often quite willing to procure liquor for their young friends. The family bar is quite accessible at parties. As a last resort there is always the corner "drunk" or "bootlegger" who is willing to produce liquor for a little extra money.

Most frequently teenage drinking occurs at house parties or in parked cars. At parties some smart people contribute liquor to add to the gaiety of the affair, mistakenly believing that liquor is a stimulant instead of a depressant. There are always a few adventurous jesters who "spike" drinks of others to prove their sophistication. Even though there are reports of damage to property at such parties, the real tragedy occurs afterwards when a teenager gets behind the wheel for a speedy trip home.

Teenagers today are far from stupid. They have seen all around them the bad ex-

amples of adults whose faculties have been so impaired by drink that they often act idiotically. Nevertheless, because it is commonly done in adult society, teenagers feel that drinking, like smoking, is a status symbol, a mark of maturity and independence.

Teenagers are more or less compelled to drink by the society in which they live. Young people are lost in a sophisticated world geared to adult entertainment. The need for conformity is inculcated in them by elders and peer groups; they become socially conscious in a complex industrialized society which stresses conformity. Adults conform to the mores of their clubs, their unions, their social levels of business. Everywhere today people live, play or work in groups. And so it is that like all Americans teenagers are a captive audience of the Madison Avenue advertisers who further stress conformity and the status symbols. Glamorous advertisements on the television, movie screen and billboards attest the satisfactions and pleasures of liquor refreshment. Living examples of **smart** conformists are ever present.

In contrast to such colorful advertising, cold statistics in newspapers and magazines are drab and uninteresting. Although public officials have been deeply troubled and nonplussed by the new generation, they have been unable to stem the tide. Only a judge as courageous as the one in Darien could announce through headlines where the real fault lies, with the indifferent and tolerant adults, who set the swift pace of modern society.

But such decisions do not solve the problems of the Court. In addition, they cannot define an adult because some legally adults lack the maturity of some teenagers, while the latter are sometimes old enough to serve and die for their country. They cannot define drunkenness because a twenty-one year old may be quite intoxicated on one or two drinks whereas an eighteen year old, who has been educated with the taste of liquor from an early age by his parents, may seem quite in possession of his faculties. Yet faced with the bleak statistics that over sixty percent of those involved in fatal accidents have been found to have imbibed intoxicating drinks, we realize that something must be done.

Perhaps eventually the problem will have to be solved by the younger generation. Are they so unmoved and callous as they seem to be? Must one follow the herd or be a "square"? Isn't there somewhere a minority of intelligent teenagers who will be the leaders and set a new fashion for living as individuals and not conforming sheep?

Surveys today show that teenage boys, particularly, have ambitious goals. To lose sight of these goals even for an evening's pleasure by marring one's record for life by arrests, imprisonment or injury or death to a companion or to self seems to be too great a price to pay.

The choice is up to you. Will you be a reckless, feckless teenager or a responsible young adult individualist with a bright future?

Season's Reason

*Winter tries to freeze us,
Spring strives to deceive us,
Summer claims to madden us,
Autumn aims to sadden us —
But we survive.*

— Lawrence Jakmauh '65

LORDS AND MASTERS

— Rosengarten



Mr. Jacob

MR. CHARLES E. JACOB was born in Boston. He graduated from Boston Technical, earned his B.S. in electronics from Northeastern University and his Ed.M. from University of Pennsylvania. In addition, he has studied physics, mathematics, and electronics at summer institutes at Brown, Houston, and Nebraska Wesleyan Universities. In the near future he plans to continue his education in similar summer programs.

A teacher for seven years now, he has spent three of them here at BLS. He is a basketball fan, reads, and plays softball, volleyball, and touch football for exercise.

Commenting on various matters concerning BLS, Mr. Jacob expressed his belief that the planned biology course for next year will not necessarily be more helpful to those taking the NMSQT's and similar tests than the existing science courses. If, however, three science courses are offered, one of them ought to be made mandatory.

As for the library, he thinks that the scientific books are still too few, although in recent years there has been a substantial increase in their number. He also

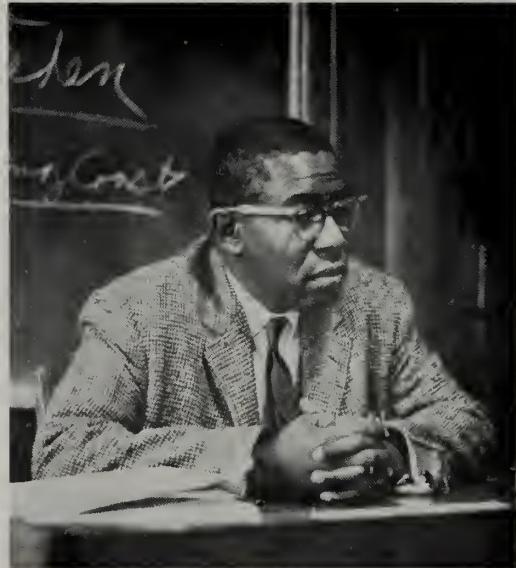
felt that one of the most perceptible changes this year has been the improvement in the appearance and attitude of the boys.

His advice to the students is: "Study hard and start thinking."

MR. KENNETH JOHNSON, who is the new head of the history department, received his early education in the Newton Public schools. He earned his Bachelor's Degree in History at Colby College and his Master's at Harvard University. He continued his studies at the University of Minnesota and, under a John Hay Fellowship, at the University of Oregon. Last summer he received a Fulbright Fellowship to the University of Nigeria. When not studying, he was making an extensive tour of West Africa, during which he acquired some rather unusual souvenirs—notably a hand carved ebony walking-stick named Ju-ju with which he threatens to prod inattentive students.

Mr. Johnson is an appreciator of the fine arts. A regular subscriber to the Boston Symphony, he also admits to an enthusi-

— Rosengarten



Mr. Johnson

asm for Rembrandt. At home he makes ample use of his tape recorder, "one of the few useful machines." As for automobiles; "I'd much rather fight any heavy-weight champion from Joe Louis to Cassius Clay than drive one of those gasoline powered monsters." You'll see him on the bus regularly.

When asked whether the study of history, as opposed to that of other subjects taught in secondary school, is practical (Often we hear students quip, "Who cares about Hammurabi?") Mr. Johnson deftly answered that "Beauty is its own excuse for being. So also is history its own excuse." He went on to say, however, that a broad historical background is prere-

quisite to an objective analysis of the present international situation. Too often, he pointed out, news commentators and politicians who do not have such a background will unwittingly present to the public a false picture of the world situation.

Mr. Johnson reminds us that our generation is "the most favored generation this country has ever had." We will "solve some of society's problems and create others." We must, he points out, take full advantage of the many opportunities presented us to get off on the right foot in college. Building upon the legacies of past generations is certainly a sobering task.

Reciprocity

*A sudden ray,
A sudden light —
Smoke and ruin
Show the laser's might.*

*Another day,
Another light —
The careful beam
Helps cure one's sight.*

— Kenneth Bechis '66

Futility

*If you and I could ever comprehend
The reaches of our endlessly searching minds,
Our mutual love would certainly be complete,
But we could not love each other any more.*

Manuel Aran '65

Les Griffes

Cats:

*fluffy, furry, silky, warm, nice,
shiny, smooth, pretty things with*

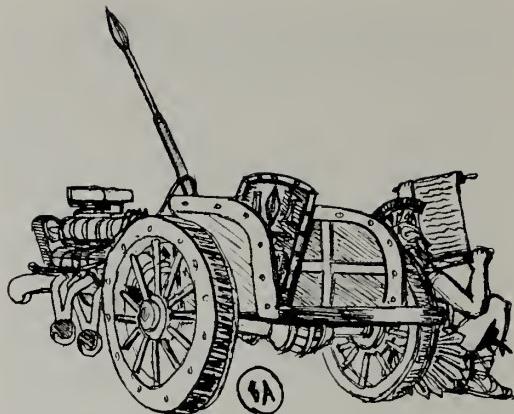
Claws.

— Kenneth Bechis '66

Something of Interest

OUR CONGRATULATIONS to Robert Allen, President of the senior class, for winning the Grinnell Memorial Scholarship. This award is given annually at the Christmas assembly to the student who is judged to be "in the possession of a balanced average of the following qualities; Scholarship, Self-Adjustment, and School Spirit."

Kudos Kolumn: Stuart Flashman and Joseph Kennedy have been selected for the Honors Group in the highly competitive Westinghouse Science Talent Search. Douglas Way, Register artist, is one of eighteen Massachusetts high school seniors nominated for scholarships in the Boston Globe Scholastic Art Contest. His portfolio has been sent to New York to compete for the National awards. Walter Danylevich was the recipient of an Honorable Mention in the Brotherhood Awards given out by the Jewish War Veterans at a luncheon at Boston College. Peter Weinberg, our talented (?) RRR writer, played the lead part in the Fontbonne Academy production of "The Importance of Being Earnest." We hope he is able to re-adjust himself to the all-male atmosphere here. Nicholas Corsano, David Kelleher, and Charles Rockland are finalists in the NHS scholarship competition. Awards in this contest range from \$500 to \$6000 for four-year scholarships. In recent C.E.E.B. tests, George Messzoly received 800 in Latin in December and Henry Carrey 800 in English in January. The **Register** at this time would like to correct a grave error made in the last issue. The student who was named **Herald-Traveler** "Carrier of the Year" was not



-- Angel

Robert Gavin, as reported, but Michael Glavin.

The results of the First Annual Olympiad Mathematics Contest were overwhelmingly successful. We had nineteen finalists, or 12% of the total, while the number of BLS boys who took the exam was less than 2% of those who took it statewide.

Our school clubs have presented several interesting speakers. In December, the Social Science Club was fortunate in having Gordon Hall, the nationally known authority on extremist groups. In January, the club listened to and queried Representative Gerald Morrissey (D-Dorchester). At the Professional Club meetings, Joe Malone, Public Relations Director of the M.B.T.A., and Victor Best, President of the New England Broadcasting School, and newscaster on WIHS (Ch. 38), have spoken. The Key Club heard a representative from the American Cancer Society, Dr. Delman, speak on the dangers of smoking.

For two days during February vacation, thirteen Social Science Club and Debating Society members were transformed into British politicians and diplomats. At the Model United Nations session at Boston College, as the delegates from the United Kingdom, they successfully debated, pleaded, cajoled, and arm-twisted on the issues of Red China, South Africa, and dues payment. Awards were presented to the most effective countries, and our school came away with honorable mentions for best delegation and best single delegate, Lewis Mintz.

At the latest **Globe** High School Editors'

Press Conference at the Sheraton Plaza, four **Register** writers listened to and queried nationally-syndicated columnist Robert Novak. Mr. Novak answered questions on topics ranging from The Great Society ("not an apt term") to the future of the Republican Party ("dismal").

The School Science Fair was held in the Physics Lab and the Gymnasium on March 4 and 5. From the approximately two hundred exhibits, the twenty best have been chosen to compete in the City Fair.

— Dublin



Joe Kennedy displays his telescope

Dr. O'Leary presided over a forum on March 10 on "Hubris—the sin of overweening pride". Participating in the program were Richard Ellis, George Meszoly, and Peter Weinberg, who spoke on Hubris in the writings of Homer, Aeschylus, and Shakespeare, respectively.

A girl student at BLS? It happened—one hundred years ago. Helen Magill, the daughter of a French master, attended classes and, according to a 1905 **Register** account, "completed the required course", but she did not receive a diploma. Mr. Magill, who later became President of

— Rosengarten



Class VI Student Council

Swarthmore College, wanted his daughter to receive a classical education. Since Girls' Latin had not yet been founded, he had her go to BLS. History is supposed to repeat itself, isn't it? Hmm!!

The newly formed Student Council has begun by choosing officers and establishing a constitution and by-laws. Mr. Ahern, the faculty advisor, hopes that the council will serve as an intermediary between students and teachers, discussing ideas and proposals relating to the school.

Spotlight on clubs: Music Appreciation. The purpose of this active club is to listen to and discuss various forms of music, mainly classical, but also modern symphonic and jazz. Two meetings are held monthly, one in school and one at the home of the adviser, Mr. Roche. Various members have entertained the club on such instruments as flute, bassoon, oboe, French horn, trumpet, violin, and piano. In addition to regular meetings, the club has attended two Friday afternoon Boston Symphony Orchestra concerts to see violinist Isaac Stern and conductor Leopold Stokowski. Any students with a serious interest in music are encouraged to join, and should see President Eliot Goldings in Room 307.

Famous Alumni

Dr. Benjamin I. Schwartz, '34, Professor of History and Government at Harvard University, is one of the country's leading experts on Far Eastern affairs. During World War II he received a Presidential citation for his outstanding work in intelligence. After the war he returned to Harvard and earned his doctorate there. Since then he has taught at Harvard, taking time out for extensive writing and

travelling. His best-known book, **Chinese Communism and the Rise of Mao**, is widely used as a textbook and has been translated into many languages.

Edward Blackman, also '34, now Professor and Chairman, Higher Education, at Michigan State University, has written widely on the topic of higher education. He has received several degrees from Harvard and served as Professor, Dean, and Department Head at Michigan State before appointment to his present position.

Edward F. McLaughlin, '38, currently

serves as General Counsel for the recently reorganized M.B.T.A. During his distinguished political career he served as a City Councillor, and then as Lieutenant Governor of the Commonwealth.

A more recent graduate, Mitch Greenhill, '62, who left BLS after his junior year to attend Harvard, is making it big in the folk music field. Mitch appears regularly at the Club 47 in Cambridge, has played in coffeehouses all across the country, and has a record out on the Prestige label, "Pickin' the City Blues".

— Saul Rubin '66

The Sun Is Mad

*Morning's breeze flows into my room,
pushing aside the drapes.
And morning's darkness,
sprayed on my floor and walls,
is not yet dissolved in morning's light.*

The sun has not yet risen.

*I sit in grave contemplation of the folly,
Transience,
the delirium of the sun;
always returning to nourish the dying,
to dry the blood,
and crack the senseless flesh.*

*I,
sprnng from this light,
have lost my dear joy,
my dreaded pain,
for Transience has corrnpeted my vision.*

*A whisper:
What is left if all is dying?
The light grows thicker;
The sun returns.*

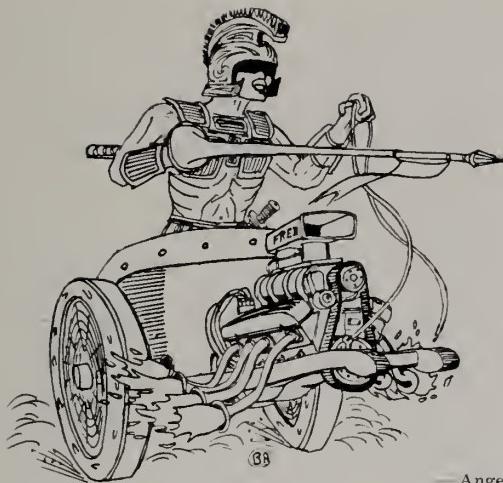
*A whisper:
And where is my thirst for its acid ray?
See
the light grow thicker.*

*A whisper:
What is left?
Ecstacy,
ecstacy,
ecstacy!
Screaming through the mouths of countless
skulls!*

*Yet the scream does not echo,
and the screamers are numb.*

I laugh in the frigid breeze.

— George Sukhu '66



SPORTS

HOCKEY

Latin vs. B.C. High

B.C. opened the scoring early on a breakaway at 3:22 of the first period. Latin's first line of captain Paul Souza, Jim Greene, and 'Chipper' Hoar hustled up and down the ice but could not score for the tie. B.C. maintained the lead during the second period but was set for a loss in the third. At the one minute mark of the third period Hoar knotted the score; in a battle in front of the net he flipped in a rebound on a shot by Souza. The fired up Latin squad scored again. This time Souza, on a power play, put the puck into the net, an assist going to Greene.

It was the defense, however, that made the difference in the final period; Kadish, Latin's netminder, made many saves, including two on breakaways, while James Crowley and Roger Verry, the defensemen, did a great job of keeping the puck out of the Latin zone. With one minute remaining in the game B.C.'s goalie was pulled; B.C. still didn't score. Thus, in one of the hardest fought games of the year, Latin came out on top by a score of 2-1.

Latin vs. Dorchester

The first period saw Latin's first three lines held scoreless by some rather lucky goaltending on Dot's part. Finally, at 1:21

— Dublin



"Chipper" Hoar Passes to Greene

of the second period, Salvi, with assists from Curly and O'Neil, sent Latin ahead. Forty seconds later, Souza, assisted by Greene and Hoar, sent the puck whistling into the net. At 7:18, with one man in the penalty box, Souza scored again with another assist from Greene. At about the nine minute mark Hoar broke in alone but was tripped up from behind. A penalty shot should have been called but, as so often happens, was not. The period ended with Latin 3 Dot 0. At 1:57 of the final period Hoar scored Latin's fourth and final goal, assists to Greene and Crowley. In this period, as in the first two, it was a rarity to see the puck in the Latin zone. Kadish chalked up his second shutout as the score ended Latin 4 Dot 0.

Latin vs. Technical

For the first time this year a good number of Latin supporters turned out for a game. Unfortunately Latin was defeated 4-0. The final score, however, is no indication of the play. Early in the first period Tech had a 2-on-0 breakaway. Crowley, in one of the finest defensive maneuvers of the year, came back on defense, dove, and miraculously froze the puck. To the protests of all he was sent to the penalty box for delay of the game. At 7:10 Tech scored the first goal on a screen shot. The second period saw Tech's second and third goa's. The first at 2:12 hit the post and bounced into the net. The second at 6:32 was scored while Tech had a one man advantage. Latin dominated the third period but still could not light the lamp; the unrelenting Technicians scored once again, handing Latin a disappointing 4-0 loss.

Latin vs. English

In the first meeting of the year with arch-rival English, Latin was defeated 4-0. Again the score was no indication of the play. Right from the start Kadish began making great saves; the first line, moreover, completely controlled the play and would have sent Latin ahead had it not been for the phenomenal luck of English's goalie. At 8:20 of the first period, a slapshot was deflected off someone's glove and into the Latin net for a cheap goal. At 9:30 a second goal was scored by way of another deflection. In the second period Latin again outhustled English. Miraculously, the English goalie again withstood

a barrage of shots. At 9:55, with two of their skaters in Latin's crease, English carried the puck into the Latin net. To the jeers and protests of the crowd the goal was allowed. In the final period English tallied another score with one minute remaining. Final score: English 4 Latin 0.

Latin vs. B.C. High

At the 20 second mark of the first period, B.C. batted a deflected shot into the net. Latin kept pressing and fired a barrage of shots at Crimmins, the B.C. goalie, who, unfortunately, came up with the saves. At 5:17 a penalty was called on Crowley, the first of many called on Latin. The Eaglets, however, did not score. The second period was all Kadish and all referee: while the referees insisted on continually penalizing Latin, Kadish insisted on making a number of great saves. It was these saves that kept Latin in the game. The third period began — you guessed it — with a penalty on Latin. Later in the period, when each team was short a man (a penalty had actually been called on B.C.), Latin peppered the B.C. goaltender, who, with the aid of the supernatural, didn't let any shots get by. With a minute left in the game Souza broke in, split the defense, and shot on the net. The puck, however, bounced off the pole; thus, in this year's most exasperating game, Latin was edged by the score of 1-0.

Latin vs. Dorchester

In their third and final encounter of the year, Latin defeated Dorchester by a score of 2-0. Dan Rea played the nets for Latin in the first period, while the starters were Curly, Powers, O'Connor, Garvin, and Burton. At 8:20 McGauliffe tallied Latin's first goal. In a scramble in front of the net, he backhanded the puck past the goalie. Richard Giraffo played the nets for Latin in the second period. At 6:45, with the fast-moving first line of Souza, Greene, and Hoar back on the ice, Latin scored its second goal. Greene, taking a pass from Hoar, broke in on the right side and fired a sizzler past the goalie. Kadish played the final period in the net. At 4:50 Greene took a slap shot from the blue line, but it missed the net. Souza collected the rebound and backhanded it in. The goal was disallowed, however, because a Latin player was in

the Dot crease. The final score: Latin 2 Dot 0.

Latin vs. English

In the season's finale, Latin gained revenge and proved to be the spoilers as the Purple and White tied English 1-1. Because of this tie, Tech became co-champs with English. One play early in the first period put the crowd at the Arena on its feet. At 2:15 Powers, fed by the O'Neils, broke in alone from the blue line. He faked once at the English goalie, coming out of his net to cut down the angle, and then dumped the puck into the

net behind him. The team kept hustling and, at the end of the first period, still held the lead. The second period was capped by a tremendous display of Latin defense. Crowley and Verney, as well as Kadish, were outstanding. In the third period the team went all out to preserve their slim lead. At 5:15, however, English scored on a deflected shot, which just managed to get by Kadish. The final score: Latin 1, English 1.

Congratulations to the entire team, who in a rebuilding year, compiled a noteworthy 7-6-1 record.

BASKETBALL

This year's Latin School Hoopsters, after winning all of their pre-season scrimmages, ran up against rough competition in the City League.

Latin vs. Dorchester

The Purple and White basketball squad

— Kuritsky



Donehue on the jump off

found Dorchester High this year's easiest opponent, beating them in both encounters. In the season's opener, Latin jumped to a 21-11 half-time lead, and held their advantage throughout the game. Sophomore Vinny Costello was the game's high scorer with twenty-one points, going nine for nine at the foul line. Help from the bench came from Jack Fitzgerald and Henry McLaughlin. The team also made twenty-two for twenty-nine free throws. Final score: Latin 52 Dot 46. In the season's second meeting of the two teams, Latin completely overwhelmed Dot, beating them 77-57. Vinny Costello's twenty-two points were again high for the game, with Captain Richie Donahue and Dave Whitley combining high scores for 32 more. Dave Bougopoulos, Peter Hardy, and Jack Fitzgerald supported the starting five.

Latin vs. Technical

Latin did not find city-champion Tech quite as easy an opponent as last-place Dorchester; the Purple, nevertheless, looked good in both games. In the first game, Latin lost 77-63 despite high scoring by Tom Morrissey and Dave Whitley. Mr. Hewes, Latin's new basketball coach, devised a different offense to use against Tech in the year's next encounter. Latin played a slow waiting game, working the ball around until someone had a clear shot. Tech was bewildered by this change in offensive strategy. The score at the half was tied 19-19. In the second half, however, Latin just was not able to hit and lost 60-41.

Latin vs. English

Latin split its two games with traditional rival Boston English, trouncing them in the first game and narrowly losing in the second. English came across the street for the first game, but after meeting a strong Latin squad, wished they had stayed on their own side. Richie Donahue scored twenty-two points, backed up by Tom Morrissey with nineteen and Vinny Costello with eighteen. Jack Fitzgerald and Peter Hardy came off the bench this time to aid the attack. By

— Kuritsky



Mr. Hewes gives advice

the time the final buzzer sounded, the Purple had put together their largest point total of the season, winning 88-75. When the two teams met again, this time at English, the Latin players were amazed to see the condition of the English gym. It was impossible to shoot from the cor-

ners because of the track hanging over the basketball court. Unable to get accustomed to the playing conditions, Latin fell behind 29-19 at the end of the first half. When all seemed lost, however, the Purple bounced back from an English lead of as much as eleven points. They came within two points of tying when time ran out, stopping their surge with the score 57-55. Richie Donahue and Mike Gorman were high-scoring starters this game.

Looking Back

Latin finished fourth in the City-League with a 3-7 record. Mr. Hewes, in his first year as the Latin coach, must be commended for putting together an inexperienced squad and making them click under pressure and tough competition. He has high hopes for next year, with three out of five of this year's starters returning. Unfortunately, leaving are Richie Donahue, starting center and second most prolific scorer, Mike Gorman, starting guard, and Jack Fitzgerald, the team's sixth man, whose hustle often sparked the team on. Also graduating are Karl Siegfriedt and Bob Caruso. Returning next year are three of this year's starters, Vinny Costello, this year's high scorer, Tom Morrissey, and Dave Whitley. Also coming back are Dave Bougopoulos and Peter Hardy. Mr. Hewes is really looking forward to a great season next year with better ball-handling and much more experience.

SWIMMING TEAM

A lot of hard work by the entire squad and many outstanding individual performances combined to give Latin's swimming team an 8-2 record against high school competition and a 10-7 overall mark. The season was successful not only in regard to swimming, but also as an educational experience. The team made several trips out of state, and was given a tour of the Coast Guard Academy in New London. The meet against Coast Guard was the most exciting of the season, for there five of Latin School's records were broken.

Jim Reid, a habitual winner in the 200 and 400 yard freestyle, set school records in both these events at the meet in New London. The record now for the 200 is 2:10.9 and for the 400, 4:54.5. Bob Ford set a record of 30.3 seconds in the 60 yard freestyle and was a member of three record-breaking relay teams at the same meet. Bob Spry, who swam in five different events this year, left his name in the record book by doing a 1:08.2 for 100 yard butterfly, and 1:57.6 for 160 yard individual medley. Larry Sullivan, who broke the 100 yard breaststroke record



— Jacoby

Baldner makes a half-twist dive

last year, swam for both the 200 and 160 yard medley relays, in which new records were set. The graduation of these four seniors will have its effect on next year's team, but diligent summertime practice by their replacements will do much to offset this loss. Also keep in mind sophomore Pete Ryan, who swam leadoff for the medley relays, and set a school record of 1:06 in the 100 yard backstroke.

At the Eastern Massachusetts Meet, Latin placed fourth out of eleven teams. Both the medley and freestyle relays came in second, setting new school records. In the medley were Pete Ryan, Larry Sullivan, Bob Spry, and Bob Ford. Mike Donahue won the diving event in this meet, and Scotty Guild, Jim Reid, Jim O'Leary and Bob Ford swam for the free relay.

In the state meet, Latin finished eighth out of twenty-five teams, with the same record-breaking medley and freestyle relays placing fourth and fifth respectively. Donahue came up with third place in the diving competition, while Pete Ryan stroked his way to fifth place in the 100 yard backstroke.

The 160 yard freestyle relay, which set

a record at the Coast Guard Academy with a time of 1:18.5, included Bob Ford, Scotty Guild, Mike Donahue, and Timmy O'Leary.

The members of the swimming team would like to take this opportunity to extend their thanks to Mr. Powers for the time and effort he put in to give Latin the best swimming team in its history.

Latin	Opponent	Pool
36	Huntington Prep.	59 H
37	Brown Frosh	58 A
38	MIT Frosh	57 A
52	Tufts Frosh	42 A
53	Leominster	42 A
49	Brockton	46 H
40	Wellesley	55 A
55	Waltham	38 H
49	Malden	46 A
40	Brookline	55 A
43	Moses Brown	52 A
56	Catholic Memorial	39 H
55	Lynn English	40 H
60	Exeter	35 A
46	Coast Guard Frosh	49 A
56	Cambridge Latin	39 A
61	Rindge Tech	34 A

— Jacoby



Green doing the individual medley

TRACK

This year's track team was a surprise to a lot of people including Coach Patten. Latin began the season by walloping Dorchester and Trade by scores which we will kindly omit here. In the second meet, Latin was again victorious, rubbing out Technical: 184-133. Understandably, spirits were high for the next meet which

was against English. But our luck ran out. A member of our team was injured and we lost by a single heartbreaking point, 106½-105½. After this defeat by the State Champions, the team's enthusiasm waned. In a subsequent meet with English we lost again, 143-119. We placed second in the City Meet.

The team had four surprisingly good runners this year. Carmen Vigorito is undefeated in the Class A mile. Joe Baugh, also of Class A, has done extremely well in the hurdles. Walley "5.7" Mayo has defeated State Class A Champion Davis twice in the dash. Steve Duclos, improving greatly over last year, has been outstanding in the B-C mile.

Class A consisted of Co-Captain Dave Bernstein, Rick Grey, Mitch Johnson, Berenson, Lowe, Casella, and the City Champion of the 600 yarder, Co-Captain "Lily" Landrum. Class B consisted of Paige, Leoney, Narciso, Reid, Scarlatos, Cardoza, Brennan, and Rose. Class C, the "workhorse of the team," was made up of "Scotty" Guild, Linc Pope, "Twinkle Toes" Smith, Hachikian, Kearney, and Mucci.

We look forward to this year's Regiments with high hopes. Next year the team hopes to bring home the City Championship from the new indoor facility. The one thing the team could use is more participation from the upperclassmen.



Pope moves into the lead

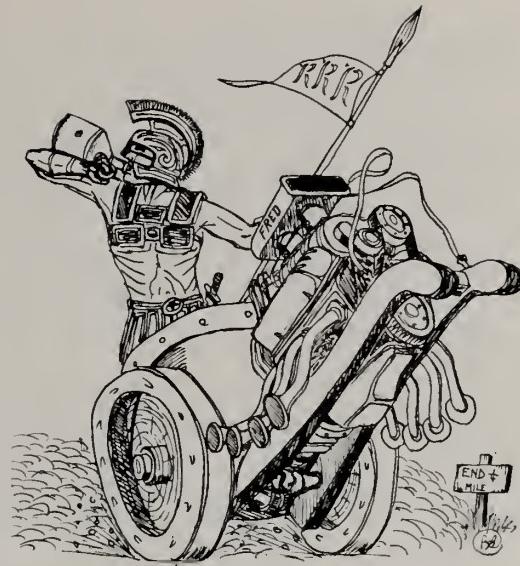
He Dead

*Out of his bed like a man in a fog,
A tangle of thoughts filling his sleepy head;
Out of the door
And across the street . . . almost*

*Mortui Vivos Docent.
Two all-white men, ghoul-like,
Survey him, still on the cold marble . . .
"No hurry now."
"Enough, let us begin."*

— G. T. Tedeschi '66

THE REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER



— Angel

Nov. 30: Overheard in 307:

Master: What was the Scope's Trial About? Mister: I'll be a monkey's uncle, but I don't remember.

Dec. 1: Ye R.R.R. just found this one **around**: Definition of mobile homes: Wheel Estate. We could go off on A **tangent** about that one, but we shan't **protract** it any longer.

Dec. 2: Ye R.R.R., while doing biographical research on Elizabeth Taylor, found out that she had majored in annual husbandry in college.

Dec. 3: Excerpt from daily Bulletin: "Robin Hood shoes are forbidden, unless you are **bow-legged**; speak with a **twang**, wear Arrow shirts, and find they set your feet **aquiver**.

Dec. 7: Overheard in Rm. 211:

Succinctly state your opinion of **ALL Quiet on the Western Front**. Sir, I thought it was a Remarqueable book.

Dec. 8: One of the many peculiarities of capitalism pointed out in RM. 307: "A yard of loam costs \$1.50, but you can buy more dirt for 90 cents in **Fanny Hill**."

Dec. 9: For centuries experts have been trying to figure out the Mona Lisa's enigmatic smile. Ye R.R.R. would like to end the puzzlement. She is smiling because she is having her picture taken. Isn't that Purdy?

Dec. 14: Overheard in 112:

"What do you call a golf tee that holds two balls?" "Tee for two."

Dec. 15: Ye R.R.R. has been suffering from a bad case of insomnia. He went to the doctor, who told him to go home and sleep it off.

Jan. 4: Smart: "Did you hear the story about the peacock?"

Aleck: "Nope."

Smart: "It's a beautiful tale."

Jan. 11: Overheard in Rm. 304:

King Lear: "Where do Arabs park their camels?"

Prince Leer: "In a camelot."

Jan. 12: Confidentially, Ye R.R.R. has heard that R.F.K. aspired to the highest U.S. government post and that L.B.J. is willing to let him become cleaner of the Washington Monument.

Jan. 14: One frog to another: "What's the matter with your voice?"

Other: "I've got a man in my throat."

One: "I told you so!"

Jan. 15: Ye R.R.R. began work this morning in a new play. He didn't get a big role, just a dough-nut.

Jan. 18: Overheard at dance:

Him: You dance very well.

Her: I wish I could say the same about you.

Him: Oh, you could if you were as big a liar as I am!!

Jan. 19: The population of professional loafers around Harvard Square should

be captioned the "College Boreds."

Jan. 21: Ye R.R.R. found out today in an exclusive interview with a modern "singing group" that the key to their success lies in their locks.

Jan. 24: Overheard at Sparr's:
Groggy: Coffee, please. Without cream.
Snappy: Sorry, you'll have to take it without milk, we're all out of cream!

Jan. 25: Overheard in 231:
Master: I see you have your arm in a sling. Broken?
Mister: Yes, sir.
Master: Accident?
Mister: No, I tried to pat myself on the back.
Master: For what?
Mister: For minding my own business.

Jan. 29: Twosie standing amazed over an almanac in the library:
"Do you know that every time I breathe a man dies?"

Miss Snapback: Why don't you use a little mouthwash?

Feb. 3: FAMOUS ALUMNI SECTION:
Eliot Norton, who once studied psychiatry, is now a famous drama critic. Ever wonder why he didn't become a trauma critic?

Feb. 5: Ye R.R.R. would like to get this matter straight once and for all. He is not an egomaniac just because he won't take a shower because it clouds up the mirror!

Feb. 14: Overheard on bus:
First girl: How do you get a chap off your lips?
Second: Slap him!

Feb. 15: Overheard in RM. 118:
Student: Is a chicken old enough to eat when it's two weeks old?
Master: Of course not!
Student: Then how does it live?

Feb. 29: Overheard at music appreciation club meeting:
Appreciator: Ahh, euphony!!
Zauberfluter: I beg your pardon!!!

March 4: Today is Monday.

March 5: Today is Wednesday.
This is leap week!

March 10: Today marks the end of the visit of the E-value-rating committee. Ye R.R.R. won't see one again for another ten years. Let's see; he should be in Class IV by then.

March 13: Friday the thirteenth and Ye R.R.R. was arrested for stealing a petticoat, but was subsequently released. It was only his first slip and it was a petty crime.

March 16: Overheard on Key Club BULLETIN board:
"Have you worshiped lately? Try a change of pace." Why not? "Look up, you may be missing something." or "Try a realigion for a change."

March 17: Why don't we have school today? Because it's Evacuation Day and all Boston's public building's are evacuated on St. Patty's Day!!!!

March 18: Last and least:
'Why did the chicken walk half way across the street?'
"Because he wanted to lay it on the line."
WHAT A DUHM Joke!!!

"He who speaks against this scroll —
may Tahuti smite him!"

(*Egypt, 3000 B.C.*)

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